The Outlook

Volume 142 January 20, 1926 Number 3

For Peace in the Railway Field

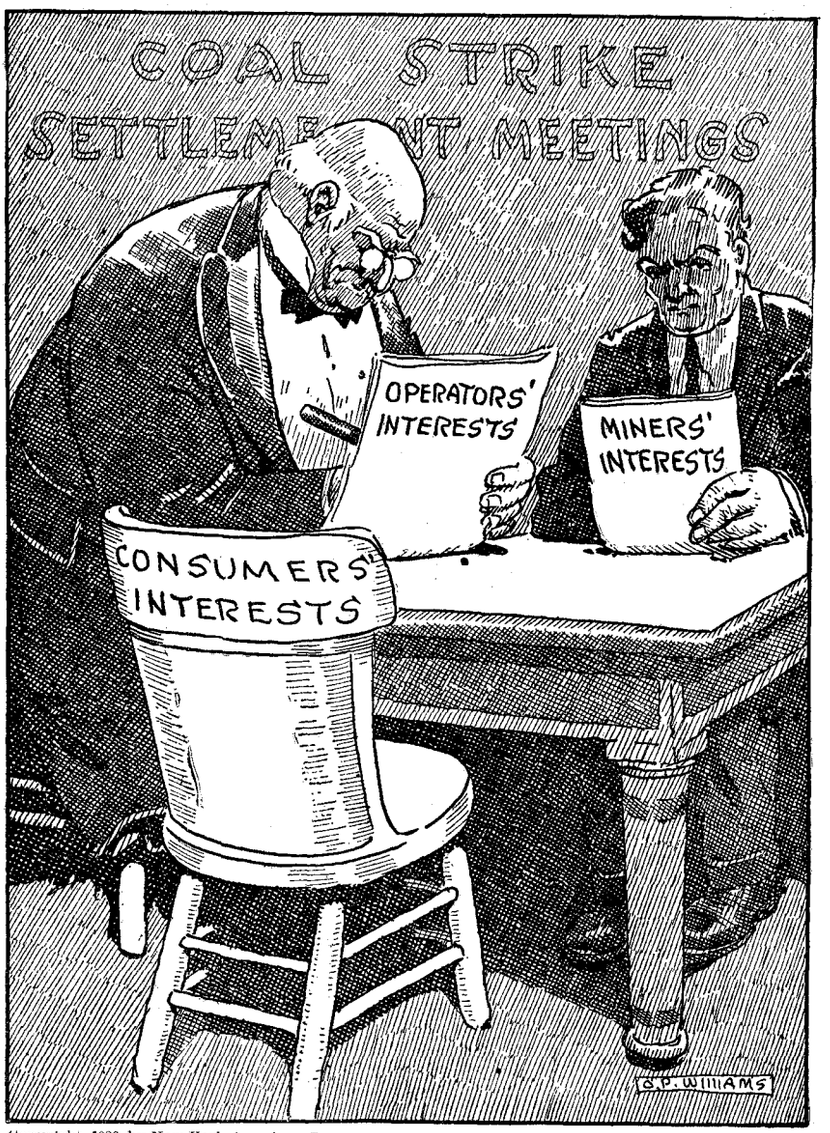
THE Association of Railway Executives, the four great railroad brotherhoods, and the President of the United States have combined to bring about a guaranty of peace in the transportation world. The plan is one for conciliation and arbitration. It would set up machinery for local, regional, and general adjustment. Incidentally, it would abolish the present Railroad Labor Board, which during the five years of its life has not been able to secure the support either of the executives or of the brotherhoods.

The new plan, which is shortly to be introduced in the Senate by Senator Watson, of Indiana, and in the House by Representative Parker, of New York, has been under discussion by executives and brotherhoods for several months. President Coolidge told Congress in his annual Message that such a plan was in process of working out by railroad management and employees; and, he added: "When they bring forward such proposals, which seem sufficient also to protect the interests of the public, they should be enacted into law." Recently the plan, completed, was presented to the President by such men as Alfred H. Thom, general counsel for the Association of Railway Executives; General W. W. Atterbury, President of the Pennsylvania system; and Donald R. Richberg, general counsel for the combined railroad brotherhoods.

Full details of the plan have not been made public, but it is known that provision is made for adjustment boards, both regional and National, and that they will have complete freedom of action, particularly in minor disputes. There is to be a board of mediation of five members appointed by the President of the United States. Its duty will be to intervene, on its own motion or at the request of either party, in any unsettled labor dispute. If settlement cannot be brought about, the board is required to try to induce the parties to consent to arbitration. If this fails, the board is to notify the President, who is authorized to create a special board to investigate. This special board will be really a jury of review, made up of men selected from private life not connected with the board of mediation, and its duty will be to state the facts in such way that the public may be fully informed. Public opinion, therefore, becomes the court of last resort. The effort at enforcing peace by Governmental machinery is abandoned.

There is not in this the show of power that has been in the Railroad Labor Board, but both executives and workers are convinced that this plan, if it becomes law, will practically end transportation strikes. It has all along been the contention of both management and workers that the old Newlands Law, which provided a board of mediation, was a much better law than the present one. The bill now framing is, in a sense, a reversion to the Newlands Act with some of the worth-while features of the Barkley-Howell Bill of the last session incorporated.

O. P. Williams in the New York American



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The vacant chair

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

The Coal War

WAR between the anthracite mine managers and anthracite labor leaders has continued with no regard from either side for the convenience or interest of the public. Both sides are engaged in destroying two things—the market for their product and (what there is left of it) the good will of the coal consumer. If there has been any real

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consideration for the permanent interests of even those whom the negotiators directly represent, the investors and the miners, it is concealed behind the efforts of each side to get some tactical advantage over the other.

Consider the picture a moment. There in Pennsylvania lie great deposits of a desirable form of fuel. Within a few hundred miles are millions of people who are accustomed and like to use it and to some extent are dependent upon it. Near the mines live thousands who depend for their livelihood upon digging the coal out of the earth. And scattered over the country are people who have put their capital into the mines and want an interest on their investment. And yet the mines are shut down, the people are cold for lack of fuel, and many a miner's family is hungry and destitute. As long as that condition lasts there will be converts made to the theory that private operation of mines is a failure and should be abandoned in favor of public control and operation, and more converts made to the theory that so uncertain a product as anthracite might as well be given up, and for it be substituted some other fuel—coke, or soft coal, or oil.

One thing is certain. The public is not going to study the details of the mining business and reach an informed opinion as to the relative merits of the arguments on the two sides. The operators, it is true, have offered to arbitrate; but an offer of arbitration is not always a sign of good faith. A man with a bad case can afford to arbitrate, on the chance that he will get something more than he deserves. In this particular instance the miners' leaders declare that the operators are offering to arbitrate only the question of wages, not that of profits or coal prices. On the other hand, the operators declare they are willing to show their business data to a board under certain conditions.

If this strike leads to a larger use of fuel that will relieve the householder of the dirt and labor involved in the use of coal, it will perhaps turn out to be a somewhat disguised blessing.

The Aluminum Case

ON January 2, which was a Saturday, a statement issued from the United States Department of Justice to the effect that facts thus far disclosed do not show that the Aluminum Company of America has violated a consent decree which it entered into with the Government in 1912. The word "whitewash" began to fly about the Capitol. For the Aluminum Company of America is largely the property of Secretary of the Treasury Mellon.

On January 4—this delay was inevitable because the intervening day was Sunday—Senator Walsh, of Montana, introduced two resolutions calling upon the Senate Judiciary Committee to investigate the facts. On Wednesday the resolutions were adopted, and on Friday the hearings were begun with Attorney-General Sargent on the witness-stand. Thus speedily can government by inquisition, as some have called the innovation of the past few years, set its mills

Wide World Photos

William J. Donovan

agrinding—not exceeding fine, it may be, but noisily withal.

There is no limit to what a Senate committee may investigate, none to the number of indictments it may bring or that may be brought under the sanction of its name. Already the Attorney-General is accused of inattention to duty. He testified that he knew nothing about the Aluminum Company case until eight months or so after he took office. Already the Secretary of Commerce is accused of raising a hue and cry against the British rubber monopoly to divert attention from the aluminum monopoly "running about between the legs of the Administration." Already the Federal Trade Commission is accused of shielding monopoly because it apparently refused to turn over to the Department of Justice certain facts obtained directly from the Aluminum Company of America and held by the Commission as confidential.

The Senate Judiciary Committee has not written "a true bill" on any of these charges, but the officials named are indicted before the country just as effectively as if it had. A sublimated, self-empaneled grand jury will investigate, not in a secret chamber as grand juries ordinarily do, but in an amphitheater strung with leased telegraph wires and radio aerials. Men hold divergent opinions as to whether or not this is a proper method of investigation. It appears to be an established method.

Enter the Statute of Limitations

THE consent decree of 1912 enjoined the Aluminum Company of America from engaging in a number of trade practices then held to be in restraint of trade. One clause of the decree enjoined the Aluminum Company to refrain from enforcing a provision of its contract with the General Chemical Company and the Norton Company by which those companies agreed not to engage in the manufacture of aluminum. This is the clause of the decree most directly under the magnifying lens of the Committee at this time.

The Federal Trade Commission, three years or more ago, began an investigation to ascertain whether or not the Aluminum Company of America was observing the terms to which it had consented in the court procedure. Late in 1924 the Commission reported that the Company had continued the practices prohibited by the decree. In January, 1925, Harlan F. Stone, then Attorney-General of the United States and now an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, wrote to the Commission, "It is apparent that during the time covered by your report the Aluminum Company of America violated several provisions of the decree," and he held that the violations were so frequent and so long continued as to indicate either that the company was indifferent or knowingly disregarded the decree. But the period covered by the report of the Federal Trade Commission ended with 1922. The statute of limitations had run. Attorney-General Stone, either personally or through his subordinates, determined that further investigation must be made by the Department of Justice.

The Federal Trade Commission had in the course of its investigation obtained some records directly from the offices of the Aluminum Company of America. It apparently determined to submit these to the Department of Jus-

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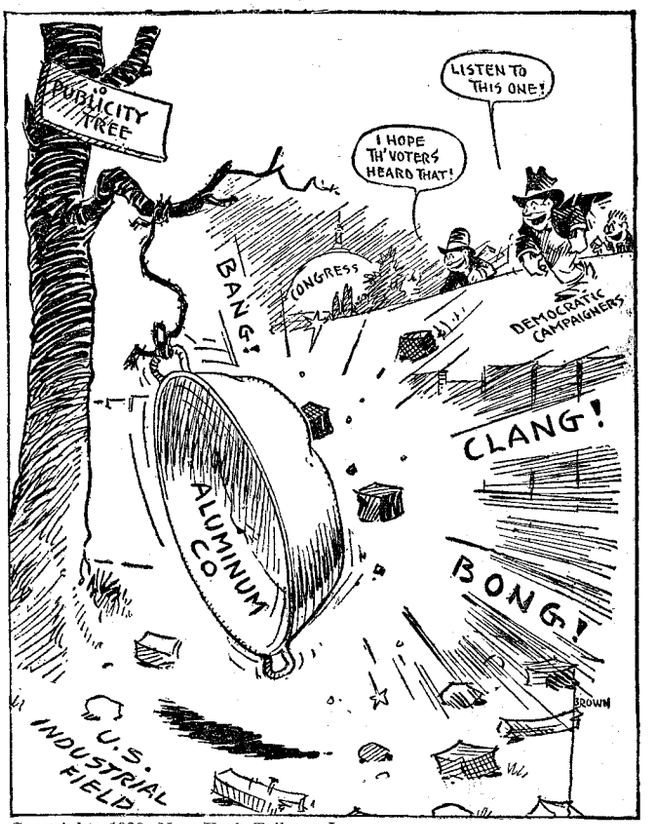
All rest at thy dispose

(Two Gentlemen of Verona, Act IV, Scene 1)

T. Brown in the New York Herald Tribune



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That irresistible target

From Andrew W. Pera, Brooklyn, N. Y.

S. S. Byck in the New York Commercial

Loading 'er up again!

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Cassel in the New York Evening World

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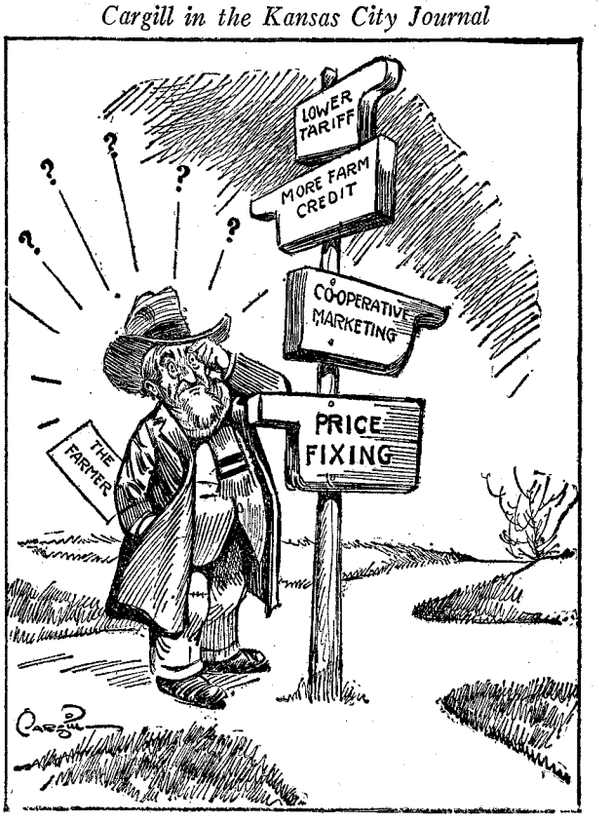
Not so easy to hypnotize now

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Cargill in the Kansas City Journal



The road to prosperity

From Miss Madge Sullivant, Fort Scott, Kansas

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tice. Later, however, it reversed this decision by a vote of three to two, and determined to hold those particular records as confidential. Along about that time there had been a change in the methods of the Federal Trade Commission and presumably in its attitude toward so-called "big business." Several business organizations have formally expressed their approval of that change. Along about that time, too, Mr. Stone was appointed to a place on the Supreme bench and Mr. Sargent, a citizen of Vermont and a friend of the President, succeeded to the office of Attorney-General.

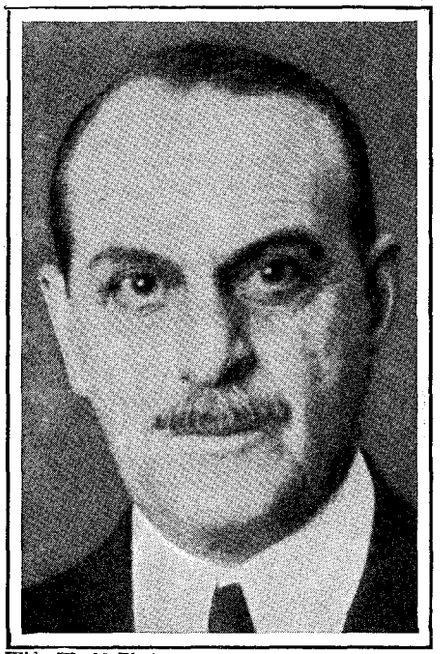
The investigation instituted by Mr. Stone presumably went forward in the Department of Justice. Nothing, however, was divulged concerning it. When The Outlook, six weeks or more ago, undertook to prepare itself for possible developments in the Aluminum Company case, its representative was informed from the constituted sources of information in the Department of Justice that no statement could be made and no material furnished. The statement of January 2, holding that facts disclosed did not show violation of the decree, was the first public information of what had been going on.

Of the Walsh resolutions called forth by this statement, one directed the Senate Judiciary Committee to inquire whether due expedition had been observed by the Department of Justice in the prosecution of the inquiry, and the other directed Attorney-General Sargent to advise the Senate whether the refusal of the Federal Trade Commission to turn over evidence obtained from the Aluminum Company of America was well founded in law and, if not, what steps had been taken to obtain the evidence.

The Present State of the Case

Attorney-General Sargent told the Committee that the investigation of the Aluminum Company of America had been diligently prosecuted and is so prosecuted now. He adopted the policy when he assumed office, he said, of intrusting matters of this kind to assistants in whose sphere of activity they naturally come. The Aluminum Company case was in the hands of Assistant Attorney-General Donovan, and has remained there. The Attorney-General said that he knew nothing about the case until several months after he became Attorney-General, and that it was first called to his attention by a correspondent at a press conference. On the following day he testified that he had within a few days after he became Attorney-General signed a memorandum concerning it, but that he had no recollection of it and that "my previous testimony stands." The Attorney-General was somewhat sharply questioned by Senator Walsh and other members of the Committee as to what they appeared to regard as his lack of interest.

As to the information withheld by the Federal Trade Commission, the Attorney-General indicated that no special effort had been made by the Department of Justice to gain access to it. He made it plain that, in his judgment, the Department of Justice ought to gather its own information, first hand. As to whether the Department of Justice has the right to compel divulgence of such material as the Trade Commission had the Attorney-General said that no test has ever been made, and that therefore nobody knows whether the right exists or not.



Wide World Photos

Ogden H. Hammond, appointed Ambassador to Spain

Assistant Attorney-General William J. Donovan followed his chief on the stand. He told in considerable detail how the investigation had been carried on under plans outlined by former Attorney-General Stone. It appears that the Aluminum Company furnished to the Department of Justice investigators the same information that it had earlier furnished to the Federal Trade Commission.

Mr. Donovan laid before the Committee a report made by J. E. P. Dunn, special investigator assigned to the case, in which it was said that there had not been found any evidence to sustain many of the charges that the company has continued practices in violation of the consent decree. But, the report continued, "material obtained from the Aluminum Goods Manufacturing Company is certainly indicative of the actions of the Company which have been so generally criticised by its competitors, such as price policy, special discount, full line forcing, exclusive dealing, resale price maintenance, and causing discontinuation of competing lines."

Investigation of these and other matters, it appears from the testimony, is still going on. The statement issued from the Department of Justice on January 2 apparently was not meant as a clean bill of health for the Aluminum Company of America.

An Appointment That Does Not Justify Itself

Ogden H. Hammond, of Bernardsville, New Jersey, recently appointed United States Ambassador to Madrid, has not the public record of achievement ordinarily associated with appointment to one of the more important diplomatic posts. He was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1869. He was graduated from Yale in 1893. He has been twice married. He was for two terms a member of the lower house of the New Jersey Legislature. He was a delegate to the Republican National Convention of 1916. He is now a member of the Republican State Committee of New Jersey and of the Board of Charities and Corrections of that State. He is a real estate dealer and connected with some comparatively large enterprises in that line. He is a member of ten clubs, eight of them in New York City and two in near-by New Jersey.

It is to be assumed that Mr. Hammond has especial qualifications for this post which are not revealed by the record of his personal and public activities. Only on that assumption does his appointment appear to be entirely justifiable.

It is desirable that men of outstanding ability be appointed from private life to some of the more important diplomatic positions. Only thus can the Government avail itself of some of the best diplomatic talent. But it is not desirable that men of other than outstanding ability be appointed from private life. Except when men of undoubtedly exceptional qualifications are available, such

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positions had much better be given to career men who have borne the hardships of minor positions in the foreign service by way of qualifying themselves for major positions.

Enter the Motor Bus

It is only a few years since the interurban motor truck began to play a conspicuous rôle in the transportation system of the country. Its success made inevitable the development of a corresponding service for passengers, and we are now witnessing the invasion of the highways by motor busses. Less than ten years ago these vehicles were practically unknown. To-day they are operating over a mileage which in some States exceeds that of the railroads.

The United States Bureau of Public Roads has recently made a painstaking analysis of bus operation in the eight States of Arizona, Connecticut, Kentucky, Maryland, New Hampshire, Oregon, Washington, and West Virginia. The statistics relate only to rural highways—*i. e.*, they include interurban and suburban service, but exclude strictly city operations. It appears that there are 705 separate motor-bus routes in the States named, having an aggregate length of 18,196 miles and an average length per route of 25.8 miles.

The motor bus, like the motor truck, is a complement as well as a competitor of the railroad, and its unassailable *raison d'être* is that it serves territory that the railroads do not reach. Only about one-third of the routes above mentioned and 41 per cent of the mileage come into direct competition with the railroads by paralleling rail lines. Bus fares are generally higher than the regular railroad fares, and decidedly higher than railroad commutation rates. The railroads also have the advantage in the matter of speed, and the ability of the bus lines to meet direct railroad competition, where such exists, seems to be due to the greater frequency of bus service.

Motor busses have developed strikingly in design as well as in number. The pioneer vehicles were mainly converted passenger cars and trucks, comfortless and uninviting. While many five-passenger and seven-passenger touring cars are still operating as busses, the best of these vehicles are specially designed, with capacities of twenty-five or more passengers. They are electrically lighted, glass-inclosed, and heated. A separate upholstered chair is provided for each passenger. In short, Pullmans of the highway—a new note in our luxurious civilization.

Rubber et Al.

The Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House began, a few days ago, an inquiry for the purpose of ascertaining why the United States has to pay too much for its rubber, coffee, Egyptian long-staple cotton, camphor, iodine, nitrates, potash, mercury, and sisal. Secretary of Commerce Hoover asked that the investigation be made. He was the first witness heard, and he estimated that the people of the United States are "gouged" to the extent of $1,200,000,000 a year on these commodities. The emphasis is on rubber. The other things are important, but rubber bulks many times larger than all of them—if not in money value, at least in public concern.

On the day that the investigation began a column conductor on one of the Washington papers wrote—and printed—that for which he is likely, one would think, to lose his job, his paper having long supported most of the things he mentioned. The column man wrote:

"After closing his doors to the immigrants of the world, prohibiting the import of its wines and liquors, rearing a tariff wall around America, refusing to join the League of Nations, and insisting on the payment of the war debts, Uncle Sam is amazed to discover that the world has taken steps to monopolize the raw materials it controls. . . . It is an axiom of gamblers that you cannot win where you cannot lose."

There is in this bit of cleverness just enough truth to make it impressive. Appreciation of that truth would serve to check the tendency in the American Congress and elsewhere to consider the adoption of retaliatory measures against Great Britain, the rubber producer, Brazil, the coffee producer, and the rest. Those Governments, it may be, regard their own monopolistic systems as retaliatory measures—defensive measures, they would say—against measures already adopted by the United States.

The United States, of course, had the right to enact its Tariff Law, its Immigration Law, and its Prohibition Law, to keep out of the League of Nations, and to demand its due in the payment of war debts. But, equally of course, Great Britain had the right to adopt the Stevens plan for boosting the price of rubber, Brazil to adopt the valorization scheme for fixing the price of coffee, the others to adopt whatever schemes they did adopt for getting as much money as possible out of their products. We

Photograph from U. S. Bureau of Public Roads

A Pullman of the highway. A luxurious motor bus in interurban service

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ought to realize—the country as a whole, and particularly at this time the Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee of the House—that we are not dealing with Governmental crimes perpetrated against us, but merely with efforts of governments to have economic law work in their favor, with shrewd business in international commerce. Unless there is that realization, the investigation may do a great deal more of harm than of good.

This does not mean at all that we should continue to pay for rubber the exorbitant price that we now pay. We should not. We should not be paying it now. If we had paid attention to our own needs a few years ago, we would not be paying it now. We might be producing in the Philippines to-day, not enough rubber to meet all our needs, but enough to break the British monopoly of rubber. That water has gone over the dam, but there is still water above the dam. And the mill may grind with it in the years to come if this investigation accomplishes what it should, if the Committee and Congress as a whole can resist the desire for retaliation and get down to constructive work.

Self-Reliance, Not Retaliation

Secretary Hoover, who has labored over the rubber situation for a long time and undoubtedly feels very strongly about it, told the Committee that attempts at retaliation would endanger international good will. "It is my belief," he said, "that we should confine ourselves simply to a consideration of what temporary measures of relief we can find and what final and complete protection we can ultimately give our citizens through assuring our raw material at reasonable prices from competitive sources."

With the single exception of coffee, the United States can produce, at home or in its island possessions, enough of practically all the commodities under investigation to keep the price within reasonable limits. Testimony already given before the Committee shows that the rubber problem would be solved if we developed, within reason, the rubber possibilities of the Philippines. We now get ninety-nine per cent of our nitrates from Chile, and our iodine comes from the same fields as a by-product, but the Chief of the Chemical Division of the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce told the Committee that we need never import any more nitrates if Muscle Shoals is put in operation in accordance with proposals pending before Congress. We cannot well grow sisal in continental United States, but we can grow at home some other fiber crop to meet our needs and we probably could grow sisal on some of our islands. Our new Pima cotton of the Southwest and our old Sea Island cotton of the Southeast—now hardly grown at all—would, if properly grown, obviate the need for Egyptian long staple.

Thereaway lies the road for permanent escape from foreign governmental monopoly of necessary commodities. Temporary relief is, of course, highly desirable, almost necessary in the case of rubber. That relief cannot be complete; we must pay for neglected opportunities. But it may be sufficient to make our situation bearable until we can develop rubber plantations of our own.

If, after investigation, the Inter-State and Foreign Commerce Committee can make a report to Congress which will induce that body to busy itself with constructive legislation, we shall be on the way to economic independence. If the rubber planter in the Philippines is made secure by the re-establishment of a firm and competent Government there, we will in eight or ten years produce our own rubber. If an adequate Muscle Shoals bill is passed, we will in two or three years produce our own nitrates. And the moment that we definitely adopt the right Philippine policy the grip of the rubber monopoly will be loosened.

Construction is wisdom; retaliation is folly. If we retaliate as to rubber, we irritate Great Britain; nitrates, we irritate Brazil; sisal, we irritate Mexico, and there is enough irritation in that quarter now; potash, we irritate Germany, where the wounds of war are not healed; and France, where the smart of the debt dispute is still keen.

Wide World Photos

General Pangalos

Greece and her Neighbors

General Pangalos, the Military Dictator of Greece, has hoisted a new political storm warning for the Balkans and the eastern Mediterranean. Supported by the army and navy, he has declared himself in full control of the affairs of the nation and has indefinitely postponed the election of Parliament.

On the face of it, his move appears to be simply a continuation and strengthening of the power he holds. But it has a wider significance in the relations of Greece with her neighbors. It comes on the heels of a border conflict between Greek and Bulgarian forces, in which the League of Nations intervened on the appeal of Bulgaria to prevent war. It has its bearing on the continuing controversy between Greece and Jugoslavia over access to the Ægean port of Salonika, which Greece holds. Finally, it is to be interpreted partly as an answer of Pangalos for Greece to Mussolini, the Fascist Dictator of Italy.

For some time past Italy has been carrying on important fortification work in the Dodecanese Islands, especially on Rhodes and Leros, in the eastern Mediterranean. These islands, once Greek and later Turkish, Italy holds as part of her gains under the war settlement. Her right to them was, and still is, contested by Greece on the ground that the population is practically all Greek.

Mussolini recently has announced a new imperial policy for Italy which embodies his aspiration to revive the ancient glories of Rome. The Italian policy is regarded in Greece as threatening to Greek interests not only in the Mediterranean but also in the Adriatic. Natu-

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rally Greece would never challenge Italy directly. But the position Pangalos has assumed may be taken as notice to Italy, as well as to her other neighbors, that the Military Government of Greece intends to stand its ground and to prevent any change in the internal situation which would weaken its hand in dealing with international issues.

Counterfeiters and Royalists

SENSATIONAL but still cloudy, the situation in Hungary indicates an attempted Fascist revolution in the interest of the restoration of the monarchy under Albert.

What has given to this outburst the aspect of melodrama is the uncovering of the plotters as participants in a great international counterfeiting scheme. Apparently the plan was to scatter counterfeit French notes to the amount of several billion francs throughout Europe with the double purpose of adding to the troubles of the French and of financing the monarchist plot. Involved in this scheme are a royal prince and men of high political and social station.

So far as the purposes of these men are concerned, the scheme has come to an end with the arrest of the chief Hungarian conspirators; but the plot had ramifications which seemed to connect it with similar royalist movements in Austria and Germany.

What has been published so far only reveals part of the full meaning of the plot and may lead to discoveries in other parts of Europe.

Mexico Wants to Eat Her Cake and Have It Too

EVIDENTLY Mexico is determined to reap the fruits of foreign capital invested in her land. To Mexican citizens alone must accrue the benefits which have resulted from development made possible only by heavy and hazardous investment of capital from foreign sources, principally the United States. There is only one easy way, as Mexico sees, in which she can do this: namely, by forcing the present owners of certain designated land and oil rights to sell out at confiscatory prices. That is the object, it would appear, of two laws against which the United States Government has made representations to Mexico City.

The passage of these laws has been by no means precipitate. It has been studied and determined. Both laws are evidently in violation of the understanding which the present Mexican Government reached with the accredited representatives of the United States a little more than two years ago, resulting in the recognition of the Calles régime. At that time it was agreed that no legislation of a retroactive character, interpreting the famous Article 27 of the Mexican Constitution and confiscatory of American property rights legally acquired, would be passed and put into force. Nevertheless the two bills now law, the Anti-Alien Land Law and the Petroleum Law, were introduced months ago and were debated long and carefully. They were approved by the Mexican Executive, who recommended their adoption.

International

Howard Hanson, Director of the Eastman School of Music, American composer

During the progress of the measures in the Mexican Congress Ambassador Sheffield held conference with the Mexican officials, calling attention emphatically to the attitude of the United States Government toward certain features of the bill. June 12 last Secretary Kellogg warned Mexico that we would insist that "adequate protection under the recognized rules of international law be afforded American citizens," and that this Government would "continue to support the Government in Mexico only so long as it protects American lives and American rights and complies with its international engagements and obligations." It should be kept in mind that the United States is protesting, not against a policy of Mexico concerning future property rights of foreigners, but against the arbitrary annulment of rights already established, a repudiation of existing obligations.

Mexican officials declare that the passage of these laws is only a step in the negotiations between the two Governments. Some maintain that President Calles, in the regulations to be issued putting the two laws into operation, may find a way to safeguard foreign property rights. How this can be done is a puzzle which the Mexican mind may solve. The hope looks slim.

Music and the Critics

THE beginning of the new year brought to concert audiences in New York some new and interesting orchestral compositions that they had not heard before. Were they important? Were they well constructed as works of art? Were they worth rehearing? Were they representative of certain tendencies in the development of the art of music? Two of these compositions were by American composers. Were these two indications of the progress of the art in America? One of them was Russian. Was that a characteristic product of Russia, a distinctive addition to Russian musical literature?

If the appreciative listener to music turned to the music critics of New York for answers, he would find confusion.

Loeffler's setting to the "Hymn to Brother Sun" by St. Francis of Assisi, for soprano and small orchestra, was performed by the Philadelphia Orchestra and Madame Povla Frijsh. To one music critic this composition was "rare music—exalted, unsullied, rapt." To another it was music written "in simplicity and loftiness of mood." To another it seemed "not in any way inspired music," though "beautifully orchestrated" and seemingly "devout and sincere." To this latter critic the singing "did not help the composition any" and the voice sounded "raucous" and "lacking in quality;" while one of the other critics declared that "Madame Frijsh made the most of her capacities and made clear the essence of the music," and that "on the whole the performance was that of a true and eloquent musician."

The other American composition, "Lux Æterna," by Howard Hanson, Director of the Eastman School of Music, at Rochester, a native of Nebraska, who has studied in Rome and has combined in his work his experiences in his Lutheran environment and in the ecclesiastical services of the Roman Church, was performed by the New York Symphony Orchestra under the direction of

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Goosens, the young English conductor and composer. Of this one critic says that Mr. Hanson has recounted in music an ancient experience in such a way that "its retelling makes it seem new—freshly felt, freshly conveyed;" that he has "blended very skillfully and successfully the two influences that have shaped this music." Another critic says that this work "is composed with unmistakable sincerity, though not with marked originality of musical speech."

Similarly with the Fifth Symphony of Miaskowsky, performed for the first time in this country by the Philadelphia Orchestra, there is a clash not merely of opinions but of statements of fact. One critic says of it that "it is not manifestly Russian" and that Miaskowsky "might be any German composer in his reliance upon classical forms and recognized symphonic procedure;" while another says of it that it "seemed a compound of the salient mannerisms of Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-Korsakoff, and Moussorgsky."

The appreciative listener is thus left free to form his own judgment and has the comfort of knowing that whatever he thinks he will be confirmed by some one who professes to know.

The City of Tel & Tel

DR. HOUSTON'S article in this issue bears a title not of his choosing. In fact, the title was chosen some time before Dr. Houston knew he was to write the article. It was suggested to us by the late Seymour L. Cromwell, former President of the New York Stock Exchange, as a characterization of one of the greatest and most successful instances of democracy in industry. Although the city of Tel & Tel has no location, and its inhabitants are scattered throughout the Nation, it is in fact a community in which the principles of democracy form a common bond. Its population exceeds the combined population of Seattle, Spokane, and Tacoma, and, as Dr. Houston points out, approaches that of Boston.

By far the greatest number of the people of this community are tool-users, but also, by virtue of their membership in this community, they are tool-owners.

That is to say, that this is a community in which practically every one is both a tool-owner and a tool-user.

Twenty-five years ago Lyman Abbott foresaw the coming of the quiet revolution in America of which this city of Tel & Tel is a product. In that year of 1901 he wrote a book called "The Rights of Man," in which he pointed out the evils of the division of society "into two classes—the few that own the tools and the many that use them only as they get the consent of the tool-owners." He described such a strike as is now paralyzing the anthracite industry of Pennsylvania and the plight of the public that looks on, wondering how high the price of coal will mount and how far the suffering will extend; and he showed how such controversies are the result of the combination of tool-owners against tool-users and of tool-users against tool-owners. The remedy that he saw for these evils was the very process through which we can see America passing to-day; for he wrote:

> The real and radical remedy is nothing less than a better distribution of wealth—not by invalidating the right of every workingman, whether he works with his brain or his hand, to the product of his toil, but by a better division of that great common wealth, the title to which, in so far as it is held by individuals, depends on the artificial arrangements of society. Society, which made originally the arrangements by which this common wealth tends to drift into the hands of a few, has a right to make new arrangements by which this common wealth will tend to be divided among the many. Nor will this process of division reach its consummation until the distinction between tool-owners and tool-users is obliterated, and the tool-users become the tool-owners; in other words, until the laborers become capitalists.

In America we are now on the road which leads to that state of society which Dr. Abbott foresaw. We have not yet traveled far on that road, for in human progress the laggards are likely to set the pace; but there are some who are near the head of the procession, and those who constitute the owners of the great industrial community which Dr. Houston describes are among those who are showing us the way.

It is fortunate that the readers of The Outlook should hear of this instance of democracy in industry from one of Dr. Houston's experience, background, and practical idealism. A North Carolinian by birth, he was educated at South Carolina College and Harvard, and began his active life as a teacher first at South Carolina College, then as superintendent of the city schools at Spartanburg, South Carolina, and then, after a period of graduate study at Harvard, as a member of the Faculty at the University of Texas, then as President of the Agricultural Mechanical College of Texas, President of the University of Texas, and Chancellor of Washington University, St. Louis. When Mr. Wilson became President of the United States, Dr. Houston began his seven years of great service to the Nation as Secretary of Agriculture, and then for barely more than a year he served as Secretary of the Treasury. It is only since 1921 that he has been engaged in his present work, which is that of an industrial revolutionist. There is no one in Russia among the Reds who is doing anything so radical as this man whose office is in the heart of the financial district of New York. Indeed, there will be no hope for any real revolution in Russia until there grows up there that spirit of self-reliance and freedom in the rank and file of Russia's workers like that which makes the city of Tel & Tel possible.

Dr. Houston's article is one of several which The Outlook will publish descriptive of this growth of democracy in industry. The next will be by Mr. Cromwell, who suggested the title of Dr. Houston's article. One of the last acts of Mr. Cromwell before the accident which brought his beneficent career to an end was the writing of the article which will be shortly published in this series.

When a Court Is Not a Court

HEARST is turning his journalistic guns on the World Court. One of the arguments which he is firing against it Mr. Hearst's New York "American" puts in the form of a question, as follows:

> What kind of dispute could we have with any other nation that we would be willing to submit for adjudication by the World Court of the League of Nations [*sic*] which we would NOT be willing now to submit to the already existing Hague Tribunal for International Arbitration—and why?

And the Hearst newspaper adds that Americans who do not believe in entangling foreign alliances should ask this question of their friends who are advocates of the World Court and insist upon a categorical answer.

The answer is very simple. We can give it in four words:

A question of law.

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The why is also simple; and it takes but few more words:

Because a question of law should never be arbitrated.

William Hard, in the New York "Nation," argues that the Tribunal of Arbitration is a law court because judges act as arbiters and observe judicial rules. But the fact that a man is a judge does not make the bench he sits on a court. It is the object, not the personnel or methods, of a tribunal that determines its character.

The difference between a legal decision and an arbitral award is the difference between establishing a legal right and reaching a compromise.

The judge declares what the law says. The arbiter reaches a conclusion that will cause the least difficulty, usually by conceding something to each side.

If you believe you have a property right, and it is questioned, you do not want to have the matter settled by a compromise; you want that right determined as a point of law. If you are buying property, you do not want any guesswork about your deed; you want its legal status definitely established.

We do not expect the World Court to be often employed for some time to come, because international law is still not highly developed and because legal questions between nations are not nearly as frequent as between individuals. But when a legal question comes up we want it decided legally.

That is why we think the Permanent Court of International Justice is a valuable agent of civilization, and why we think America should help to support it.

A Leaf from the Tabloids

DON C. SEITZ, as will be seen by his article in this issue of The Outlook, certainly has no reverence for tabloids, but he recognizes the convenience of their form. Those readers of the old-fashioned newspapers who inhabit the crowded canyons and burrows of New York must sometimes wish that their favorite journals would borrow a leaf from the tabloid press. The perusal of the "Daily News," "Mirror," or "Graphic" requires only such space as is necessary for the moving of the lips. To handle the "Times" or the "World" in a New York subway requires almost as much energy as one of Walter Camp's setting-up exercises or the act of dressing in an upper berth.

Perhaps in addition to the negative virtue of failing to tax the intelligence, the tabloid has a positive virtue inherent in its form, if not in its management, which is partly responsible for its success.

Some day there may be a publisher who can borrow from the tabloids the idea of convenience and brevity and combine it with accuracy and intelligence. Such a publisher has not yet appeared in the daily field. Who knows but that the tabloids themselves may get over their children's diseases and develop into journals that will appeal to readers who can think as well as look at pictures?

"The 'Finest' at Its Worst"

ON January 5 Samuel Kranin, an innocent glazier, was shot down and killed in a New York City police station—the one place where he should have been assured of safety.

The facts as reported and, so far as we have seen, not questioned are as follows:

Patrolman John J. Brennan, who was given to drinking while on duty, and who had been disciplined before for intoxication, started on a particularly lively spree that day by drinking a quart of whisky. Thereupon he entered a shoe store, picked up a pair of child's shoes, and asked, "What do these cost me?" When told $2.50, he shouted: "What the hell do you mean $2.50? Can't you see I'm a cop? What rake-off do I get?" Rather than court trouble, the shoe man gave way. Officer Brennan then entered Kranin, the glazier's. He demanded $2 from Kranin, and when he was refused he struck him on the head with a blackjack and fired a bullet into the floor. A traffic policeman then entered, but made no arrest. Brennan returned to the station house, and in his drunken condition mingled with the other policemen. No action was taken.

Kranin came to the station house, made a complaint, and identified Brennan. Brennan then stepped forward and fired three bullets into Kranin's body with the words, "You won't squeal on any one else."

Such a cold-blooded murder of a citizen trying to do his duty puts a severe indictment on the Police Department of the City of New York. How is it that a police officer was able to go on an extended drunk without being apprehended by other policemen who were aware of his condition? How did it happen that the officer in charge of the station house allowed an intoxicated patrolman to come in and go out unmolested?

This was not the first time that Brennan had been drunk on duty in recent months. Nor is Brennan the only policeman guilty of constant violations of the Prohibition Law. It was not long ago that a police officer summoned as a witness in court appeared too drunk to testify.

In The Outlook of October 14, 1925, Rollin Lynde Hartt, in an article "The 'Finest' at Its Worst," told of the drunkenness of certain members of the New York Police Department. At that time he called upon the Legislature to investigate the demoralization of the police force, for the protection of the citizens and in order to remove suspicion of like actions from the many honest policemen of the Department.

A month after Mr. Hartt's article had appeared the Hon. R. E. Enright, then Police Commissioner of New York, wrote The Outlook, calling Mr. Hartt's article "the most scurrilous and contemptible attack." He condemned The Outlook for allowing its columns to be used "as a medium for the dissemination of these vicious and misleading falsehoods." He demanded "the same consideration and space for the retraction of these vilifications as was accorded in the publication of them."

The Outlook immediately offered Commissioner Enright an equivalent space in which he might defend his Department. He did not reply.

This murder of an innocent citizen by an intoxicated policeman is the dramatic and tragic outcome of the state of demoralization of the city's protectors which was described by Mr. Hartt.

The prosecution of Patrolman Brennan will not correct this deplorable condition. A thorough investigation of the whole question of police drinking should be undertaken at once. Commissioner Enright has been succeeded by Commissioner McLaughlin, who evidently wants to give New York City an efficient police administration. Now is the time for Commissioner McLaughlin to act—and to act with vigor!

Last fall Rollin Lynde Hartt in The Outlook called for an investigation of the New York City Police Department. The Outlook now joins Mr. Hartt in urging immediate action for a careful investigation of this whole question of drunken-

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ness in the police force. How long will this metropolis of America allow citizens to be terrorized, browbeaten, and murdered by its "officers of the law"?

Traveling

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

MAN is a traveling animal. No matter how civilized, he is by taste and habit a nomad. My faunal knowledge is limited, and yet, at the risk of being set down as a "nature faker," I venture the assertion that man is the only creature that roams the earth for mere pleasure. Other animals of the field or forest go from place to place in a limited degree, but only in search of food or safety. Animals as a rule do not make seasonal changes of habitat to escape climatic hardships or to seek climatic comforts. The bear dislikes zero weather, but he does not go to Florida—he goes to sleep. I think I hear somebody saying that the migratory birds demolish my theory. But is there any evidence that the birds enjoy their long and exhausting journeys? On the contrary, they put them off until the last moment, and then only make them as a final resort to save themselves from starvation and death. Some of them, like the wild geese, are alert to the dangers of travel and migrate only under the guidance of experienced and capable leaders.

I hope there is no unpleasant implication in the suggestion that geese may have been the inventors of personally conducted tours. For the personally conducted tour is the latest product of the art of traveling. One may now travel around the world or into its uttermost parts by means of palatial steamships or *de luxe* trains or luxurious automobiles with every annoyance of travel reduced to an almost invisible minimum. At this very moment I am writing this article in the library of the club car of one such train on my way to the Mississippi River. It would be an old story to transcontinental travelers to mention the barber-shop, the bath-room, the lady's maid, and the stenographer carried by the train for the convenience of its passengers. But I confess that I was surprised, although I am a fairly well-seasoned migratory animal, to find in the dining-car fresh mushrooms and Russian caviar, in my compartment a kind of latticework of webbing to keep the restless sleeper from falling out of the upper berth, and built into the wall in the lavatory a receptacle for used safety-razor blades. Every man who shaves himself will agree that *that* is traveling comfort carried to the *n*th degree!

The progress of the development of the art of travel is easily marked. First the sandal, then the buskin, then the shoe or boot, then the wheel, then the saddle, then the wheel and saddle combined in the harnessed cart or chariot, then the four-horse stage-coach, then the steamboat, then the railway train, and finally the airplane.

The earliest traveler for pleasure of whom we have any complete literary record, Herodotus, must have done much of his touring on foot. His greatest excursion was to cover the few hundred miles from Greece to Egypt. What would he have thought of the *de luxe* train which now carries passengers across the Nubian desert for twenty-four hours from Wady Halfa to Khartum. On this train, in addition to the usual meals obtainable at the usual prices in the restaurant car, afternoon tea is served gratis by the railway company. And in the morning, at about six or seven o'clock, the train stops in the midst of the desert at a beautifully built brick building and the passengers all alight, the men in bath-robes and the women in kimonos, for a morning bath, after which they return to the train, dress, and, *en route* again, breakfast in the dining-car. The Englishman to be comfortable must have his tea and his bath. This phenomenon of modern travel would have astonished Herodotus, could he have seen it, more than the pyramids, I fancy.

What we accept to-day as commonplaces of journeying are really very modern. There lies before me as I write a letter which one of my fellow-passengers has shown me. It was written by her grandfather, who was making a visit in Washington, to her grandmother at her home in Boston, and is dated Wednesday, March 4, 1835, ninety years ago. A passage from it is apropos:

> Last evening at 9 o'clock we went to the Capitol to witness the closing scene of the session, and such a scene I never witnessed before. The House had voted an appropriation of three millions of dollars for the President to use at his pleasure in preparing for war. The Senate rejected the bill and it was returned to the House. Then came the tug of war. The clamor and tumult was excessive. The splendid and spacious room occupied by the Representatives was filled to overflowing. On the floor of the House behind the seats occupied by the members there is an area extending the whole breadth of the room and about twenty feet in width. Here we were so fortunate as to obtain a position amid the throng of ladies and gentlemen with which it was filled. As the night wore away the tumult increased to a deafening roar. The Speaker lost all control over the House. It was a perfect mob. The House was filled with outcries of "Mr. Speaker," "Mr. Speaker," "Order," "Order." Every one seemed to have a tongue and to use it. The Speaker was pounding the table and in vain calling to order. The Members were all over the House, anywhere and everywhere, some standing, some sitting, some lounging on sofas, others on their chairs, some with their heads higher than their heels, others with their heels higher than their heads. Nothing could be heard and no business could be done. According to the Constitution this Legislature could only be in office till twelve o'clock at night on the third of March. The moment the hour of twelve should arrive they would no longer be in office and would have no more right to be making laws than any body of men in any part of the country. They still had several very important bills to act upon and the object seemed to be to make so much noise and disturbance that no business could be done till the clock should strike the hour of twelve, and then the body would have no legal existence. The other party, to frustrate this endeavor, a few minutes before twelve, put the clock back to *half-past ten!* But about half-past twelve some began to cry out "adjourn," "adjourn." Others said they had no right to pass any motion whatever after twelve o'clock, and that the House was in reality dissolved. Others said that it was only eleven by the clock and no one could *prove* that it was after twelve. No language can describe the noise and uproar and confusion. Every one was interested to see how it would terminate and though I did not find my bed till one o'clock the night before, I still, in defiance of weariness, kept my place. There were many gentlemen there with whom I was acquainted and I was furnished with a very comfortable seat in the chair of one of the members. I was surprised to see the perseverance with which the ladies lingered there hour

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after hour. One young lady, about half-past one in the morning, could no longer resist the influence of drowsiness, and there she was, in the midst of the crowd, with her head hanging back upon the chair, her mouth wide open, and her eyes half-closed, sleeping most *soundly*, though I cannot say most *beautifully*. At two o'clock my patience was exhausted, and as I saw no reason why they might not continue in the same state two or three hours longer, I sallied out of the Capitol and hurried along the deserted pavement of Pennsylvania Avenue till I reached my warm and pleasant chamber. . . .

We cannot leave the city in any direction till Friday. All the seats in all the stages are engaged till then and indeed for some days after. But we were so fortunate, by an early application, to engage seats for Baltimore on Friday. The severity of the weather has covered the Potomac with thick ice which renders travelling further South at present entirely impracticable.

We have made some progress in the art of transportation since visitors to Washington were marooned for lack of stage-coaches and steamboats. But we do not seem to have traveled so far in the art of politics. The stage-coaches have gone, but Congress is still setting the clock back and still tries to put the President "in a hole" on questions of armament and World Peace.

On board the Southwestern Limited
January 7, 1926.

A New Swiss President

By ELBERT FRANCIS BALDWIN

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

As the country in which the representatives of most of the principal nations of the world periodically gather for mutual consultation, Switzerland has a position in Europe something like the District of Columbia in the United States, except that it governs itself with a freedom few countries exercise. This sketch indicates how she does it

EVERY four years our country is turned upside down with excitement. Much money and, what is more, much nerve tissue are spent in our Presidential elections.

Here in Switzerland they may not have so much fun as we do, but their elections are certainly calmer and less costly.

The Swiss President is elected every year! And, still more surprising, there is but one Presidential candidate! The Swiss know perfectly the candidate's name. He is the Vice-President of the Federal Council; the year after his term of office, though the form of an election takes place (as it just has done) he really automatically becomes President of the Swiss Confederation.

THE Federal Council consists of seven members. They are elected for three years by the Federal Assembly.

As are our Cabinet members, so each Swiss Federal Councilor is the head of some Government department—for example, Foreign Affairs, Finance, Justice. Instead of investing the President or his Prime Minister with the power of appointing Cabinet members, the Swiss prefer to elect them. With us the trend is the other way. The Swiss President has thus in this and other respects far less power than has our President; he has not even as much as has his colleague of France. We have here the spectacle, rather, of a Chairman of an Executive Committee.

The President is always chosen from among the Federal Councilors. Hence the necessity of electing the right men to the Council.

International

Switzerland's New President

Sometimes the President is a radical, as is the case with the incoming one. Sometimes he is more conservative, as is the case with the outgoing incumbent. No two Councilors may come from the same canton.

Each Councilor receives a salary of 25,000 francs (not quite $5,000); the President's salary is 27,000 francs.

Neither the President nor the Vice-President of the Federal Council is re-eligible to the same offices before a year's expiry.

THE Federal Assembly means the joint session of the two houses of Parliament—the National Council, like our House of Representatives, and the Council of States, like our Senate. The representatives in the National Council are elected every three years in proportion of one to twenty thousand voters.

With the same proportion as our Senate—namely, two Senators from each State—there are forty-four members in the Council of State from the twenty-two cantons.

ON January 1, 1926, Herr Haeberlin will doubtless be inaugurated Swiss President. He is fifty seven years old. Coming from the German-speaking canton of Thurgau, he succeeds M. Musy, who comes from the French-speaking canton of Fribourg.

Twenty-one years ago Herr Haeberlin was elected to the National Council, Parliament's lower house, and nearly six years ago to the Federal Council, the Cabinet. In this latter body he has been head of the Department of Justice. This seems strange, for Herr Haeberlin is a formidable radical. He even opposes the principle we emphasize in America that the Supreme Court shall have the last word in interpreting the Constitution and the laws. Herr Haeberlin's conception that the political and not the judicial authority should have this privilege often brings him in conflict with his countrymen.

On the other hand, Herr Haeberlin has wide popularity because Socialist attacks do not intimidate him. This is

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of importance at a time when Communism is menacing Socialism, seeking to make it a disintegrating force in state and society.

SIGNOR MOTTA has been elected Vice-President of the Federal Council, and thus should be in 1927 again President of the Confederation—he was President in 1915 and 1920. Most of his Councilor colleagues are older than he is. But, just the same, he is their dean because of length of service.

He enjoys an international reputation. First, because, a protagonist of obligatory arbitration, he has succeeded in negotiating arbitral treaties with most European countries, notably with all those surrounding Switzerland. Secondly, because, equally a League-of-Nations protagonist, he was influential in persuading the League to exempt Switzerland from participation in possible military sanctions, and then was successful in overcoming much of the opposition of his Catholic coreligionists in German Switzerland to his country's entry into the League.

Next to Gustave Ador, of this city, President of the International Red Cross and ex-President of the Confederation, Giuseppe Motta is certainly the foremost Swiss to-day. As I know from talking with him, he has the charm, mobility, and persuasiveness of the people of his native Italian-speaking canton, joined to the solidity, force, and persistence of the Swiss on this side of the Alps.

Geneva, December 27, 1925.

"De-Granging" Football

By HERBERT REED

Powerful forces back of the uprising against the encroachments of the professional promoter

A BRITISH military observer, watching the campaign against the Spaniards in Cuba, remarked that it was not a war but a popular uprising. An observer of athletics to-day, watching the recent meetings of the leading and powerful amateur sports-governing bodies of this country, an annual feature of the holidays, discovered in them another popular uprising. This time it is a popular uprising against the encroachment of the professional promoter on college football and college football players. The professional baseball scout has been tolerated at the colleges, if not encouraged, and the professional coaches of college baseball teams have often recommended certain of their players to the big league teams. Professional baseball has been recognized as an honorable career for a college graduate, dignified by the presence on the professional diamond of such men as Jake Stahl, Carl Lundgren, the late Christy Mathewson, and quite a number of other real stars. But professional baseball would survive without their presence.

Professional football, on the other hand, cannot survive and draw the "gate" necessary to the sustained interest of the really big promoters without recruiting constantly from the college stars. And this recruiting must be done in the middle of the college year to get the benefit of the player's reputation. College faculties have it in their power to put an end to that. Friends of the game have feared that the college faculties, in sheer disgust, might go further, and put an end to the game itself. In order to forestall such action and save a game in its very nature fit to be played by amateurs only, the powerful organizations of the country have already stepped in.

Amateurism in football in this country is represented by such bodies as the American Football Coaches' Association, the National Amateur Athletic Federation, the National Collegiate Athletic Association, the Intercollegiate Association, and others of their kind. In them every State in the Union is represented, and ably represented. Against these organizations, with ample moral and financial backing, the professional promoter in the long run, and if he is so unwise as to give battle, will find his dollar a mere postage-stamp.

There are other influences at work. Since the redoubtable and now rather pathetic "Red" Grange raised the issue I have talked with hundreds of employers who look to the colleges to recruit their business forces. The answer is unanimous. "I want no professional football players in my employ." Call it a boycott if you like, but the fact remains that this deadly weapon is already beginning to shoot.

The professional football promoter cannot offer the college player a career, such as he might have in baseball. The season is too short, even though prolonged into the Florida real estate zone, where, by the way, the crowds have not enthused greatly even over "Red" Grange or Nevers, of Stanford. The average run, even of All-America stars, has been getting $3,500 for a series of ten games. He must perforce, even in the season, continue in his business or profession. As a professional football player, unless he is a blacksmith or a miner or a farmer, he is unlikely to last more than two seasons at best. And I know of many instances in which the player's real business has suffered while he has been absorbed in the business of football. And sometimes it has suffered to such an extent that his reputation has gone with it.

Another thing—the profession has broken down the honor of the college player, a thing intolerable. I doubt if any games have been "sold" yet, but that will come when the wreckage of the college player's ideals is complete.

THE trail of the professional football of this last season is the trail of the broken word. The New York promoters started with fair promises, and with men of reputation not merely as football players but as high-class college types. They meant well. But then suddenly the game was "granged." To "grange" a game—the word is well established in the language of sport already—is to exploit it. The promise not to approach college players was broken when the Chicago Bears, with Grange at their head, were organized. Grange was a professional when he played his last game against Ohio State. Here was the first broken word by the promoters. The moment that those teams which had tried to keep faith played against the Chicago Bears the professional word was broken throughout the country. Is it any wonder that employers do not want in their offices men who have been under such influences?

Even the players themselves realize that the professional game on any such scale as this season cannot last. It cannot be made to pay large salaries without

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large gates, and large gates are not to be expected without more games a week than any player can stand. Thus it is that the eleventh-hour recruits, men practically in the same class as Grange, accepted what they could get—fees that are not two per cent of what Grange is supposed to receive, always granting that his promoter is really working with him on a fifty-fifty basis.

PROFESSIONAL football will never do as a substitute for real lovers of the game, even those who are supposed to be unable to get tickets to the big college games. They know that, while there is often great skill in the passing and kicking, the game is not played as hard and as whole-heartedly as the amateur brand. And the other element that demands a "show" will be satisfied with nothing less than All-American stars. When these fail to appear, the professional game will drop back to normal, which means in most cases an attendance averaging between 4,000 and 8,000.

What will kill professional football on a large scale is ostracism. Oddly enough, this first move toward ostracism was made by the professional football coaches themselves. They have barred from membership in their organization any man connected with professional football in any capacity. Officials are now under the same ban. This strips the last rag of respectability from the game. Some may be surprised that action so drastic should be taken by men who are themselves professionals. I have known practically every member of the Coaches' Association, an organization founded by Charley Daly, of Harvard and the Army, ever since it came into being. These men have given their lives to the game, and therefore need to be adequately paid; but with few exceptions they are real amateurs at heart, working with real enthusiasm with the faculty. And with these few exceptions they hate professional football with a holy hatred.

To return for a moment to the Chicago Bears and Grange. It early became apparent that, great as he was, Grange could not play the game single-handed. So he coaxed his specially coached interferer, Britton, to leave college at the same time he did. Not satisfied himself with being a deserter, he caused another to desert. With the aid of men a year or two out of the University of Illinois, a typical Illinois-Zuppke team was built up around him. If any man should have received fifty per cent of the gate receipts, it should have been Zuppke. Zuppke, however, is not for sale.

It is well to remember, too, that University of Illinois football would have gone serenely on its way—yes, and filled the huge memorial stadium—had Grange never appeared at Urbana. This fact was well on its way toward demonstration. The cold fact is that the very efficient publicity department, organized in good faith as a help to sports writers of the newspapers, has awakened at last to the fact that it is by way of being a Frankenstein monster.

Incidentally, I received every bit of publicity matter that came out of Urbana, and must absolve the publicity department from overplaying Grange. An honest and persistent effort was made to gain adequate recognition for the other members of the team.

Ellis Parker Butler

lives in a town which once was chiefly famous for the variety of its trees. Now it has started a real estate boom which would do credit to Florida. The man who attained fame by celebrating the guinea pig's ability to multiply has prepared for The Outlook an equally humorous report on the fecundity of apartment-houses.

THE present strongest and most active foe of professional football is E. K. Hall, chairman of the Football Rules Committee, and practically the successor to Walter Camp. And he has a tremendous backing. He is in even a stronger position than was Camp, since he is not writing football or any other sport for a newspaper syndicate. An able and fearless lover of amateur sport is Hall. The Rules Committee cannot dabble in eligibility rules, but it can cast the weight of its influence, which is very great, against "granged" football, and I know that this will be done.

Now a word about an element that will be powerful in time if not heard of at the moment. That is the younger schoolboy—ten to fourteen and fifteen. I have talked with many of them, and so has William S. Langford, an advisory member of the Rules Committee, and a man whose influence on college football is wide and deep. "There are youngsters in this office," he said to me, "who would not go across the street to see Grange play professional football. They have been inoculated against professionalism in sport, and it is taking. They are a tremendous bulwark of amateurism, this coming generation." And I know of my own experience that he is right.

Grange himself has been hurt, and terribly hurt, as only those who have been close to him on the field where his promoter could not get at him know. It was one thing to be stopped in the early season and hear from his college mates in the stands the shout: "You're all right, Red; you'll be there when the time comes!" and quite another to have ringing in his ears at the Polo Grounds, "Run, you red-headed bum!"

CONSIDER the famous Four Horsemen of Notre Dame. Beaten the other day by men with little football reputation for the most part, they are not worth fifty dollars apiece per game to any promoter. And this is the reward of the beaten professional: "Listen, fella. Yuh gotta win, if yuh wanna eat from my roll."

There is a man who makes a living every fall betting on college football. He is personally much above the class of the ordinary gambler, but he is a gambler none the less. This man knows college football and college football psychology so well that he generally finishes the season with more than merely comfortable winnings. In doing this he is, of course, favored by the propensity of college men to bet at least something on their own team even when it appears to have very little chance of victory.

I asked him what he thought of professional football. His reply was characteristic: "What? *Me* bet on *that* game? Whaddya think I am? A dummy? Who'd ya git that professional stuff off of? Take it from me, it's boloney."

A white-haired, quiet, well-dressed man approached me one day in the course of the football season. I knew him to be a retired bookmaker, prize-fight promoter, manager of boxers, wrestlers, and even many years ago mixed up with the crookedest of all sports, the professional runners and walkers. He conducts to-day a legitimate, respectable, and profitable business, which is why I do not mention his name.

"Do you think," he asked, "you could possibly get me a chance to buy one good seat for the Harvard-Princeton game?"

"Why," I replied, "I thought you went only to professional sports. What's the idea of wanting to see this game?"

"My friend," he said, "listen; I am going for pleasure, and when I go for pleasure I want to see something that I know to be on the level."

The thorough "de-granging" of football is well on its way, and this will have an influence on other amateur sports that are threatened from time to time.

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The City of Tel & Tel[1]

By DAVID F. HOUSTON

American industry is passing into the ownership of the American people. This vast and significant transfer of property does not portend the coming of Socialism. It does foreshadow the socialization of capital. The President of the Bell Telephone Securities Company in this article describes a graphic example of this revolutionary development

A CHANGE has been taking place in the ownership of industry in the United States. It is highly significant. It has come silently and it has come quickly. It has come so silently and so quickly that even many close observers have not noted it or fully appreciated it. Demagogues and professional reformers, of course, have not observed it, and they continue to direct their attack at conditions which have largely passed.

This change is from family or limited ownership of big business enterprises to widely diffused or popular ownership. It has been made possible by the appearance of incorporated businesses. Broadly speaking, corporate organizations did not appear in this country until after the Civil War; and they have had their largest development within the last generation. In 1890 individual and firm manufacturers listed in the Census produced a total value of a little more than $5,000,000,000, while incorporated manufacturing enterprises, numbering 40,743, produced $7,733,000,000 worth of commodities, or about 59 per cent. Between 1904 and 1919 it is estimated that corporate manufacturing organizations increased more than 80 per cent; and therefore, while individual enterprises in 1919, numbering 138,000, produced $3,500,000,000 worth of commodities, incorporated businesses, numbering 91,000, produced approximately $55,000,000,000 worth, or nearly 80 per cent. It is probably safe to say that to-day 90 per cent of the business of manufacturing, mining, and quarrying, and of railroads, public utilities, and banks, is carried on by corporations.

These corporate organizations, with their enormous resources and output, so far from shutting the door of opportunity to people of small means, and particularly the laborers, have, as a matter of fact, opened the door of opportunity to them and furnished them a chance to become owners. In earlier days, when business was transacted by individuals or firms, there was no desire on the part of the owners to admit outsiders to the businesses. The public was not invited to become interested; and very few people of small means had the funds required for participation. Towards the close of the last century a number of the large concerns began to seek to increase the number of those financially interested in them. Progress was made in this direction, but it was small compared with that which was made during the World War and which has been increasingly witnessed since the war.

The operations of many businesses are now on a vast scale. They necessitate large amounts of new capital for development. Since the war the incomes of big investors, in large measure, have been taken by the Government through taxation. The experience of the Government in floating Liberty Bonds demonstrated that there are vast sums in the hands of the small investors of the Nation which can be attracted to sound productive enterprises; and therefore managers of big businesses, desiring to broaden their financial foundation, have more and more recognized the necessity and wisdom of appealing to the small investors. It has become the settled policy of many corporate businesses to promote their ownership, not only by their own employees, but also by the public generally. They have devised special plans and machinery to interest employees and investors and to aid them to become owners and capitalists.

IN this movement the American Telephone and Telegraph Company and its Associated Companies of the Bell System have been leaders. The Bell System has as its settled policy not only to invite its own employees but also people generally to become owners in the System.

The American Telephone and Telegraph Company organized the Bell Telephone Securities Company to aid small investors especially to become its owners. With the co-operation of the Associated Companies of the Bell System, the Securities Company has been presenting the facts concerning the stock of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company to investors, indicating its safety as an investment and how it can be purchased in the market. Under the plans formulated, it facilitates the purchase of such stock either for single cash payments or in installments. The purchase of the stock in the market or its acquisition through the purchase of rights in the case of new issues are normally the only ways in which the public may become owners in the American company, since, under the law of New York State, in which the company is incorporated, new issues of stock must be offered to old stockholders.

THE results of the System's efforts to interest the public in becoming owners have been striking. Within the last four years five of the Associated Companies have offered preferred stock to the public within their territories. In the aggregate there was offered by them approximately $65,000,000 worth. In three of the territories—the Southwestern Bell Telephone Company, the Wisconsin Telephone Company, and the Chesapeake and Potomac Telephone Company of Baltimore City—banks and investment houses co-operated in the distribution of the stock. Using all their normal machinery to reach their clients, they took applications from 8,288 investors, while the employees in the three companies concerned took applications from 44,400 people. In the case of the other two companies—the New York Telephone Company and the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania—applications were taken only by the employees. In a very few days, through the employees, 197,264 persons applied for 1,421,599 shares. In the five preferred stock operations 249,960 small investors applied for a total of 1,806,219 shares.

At the beginning, in the work of aiding small investors to secure stock of the American Company in the market, they were told that they could secure the aid of bankers and brokers and purchase the stock through them. It soon developed that very few people had experience in dealing in securities, and had few or no banking connections or experience. Peo-

[1] See editorial comment elsewhere.—The Editors.

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ple of small means generally are not only unacquainted with investment processes, but they are shy of such an undertaking. They began to ask whether they could not secure the stock directly through the telephone employees. Plans were therefore made under which they could have their orders taken by telephone employees and executed by the Securities Company, the company buying the stock in the market at the prevailing price, paying the brokers the normal commission, and charging nothing for its own services.

In the three years of this activity the results have been as striking as those in connection with the preferred stock operations. To date[1] 133,278 individuals have purchased in the market 972,718 shares, involving an expenditure of about $125,000,000. Since the plan of handling the orders directly through telephone agencies was inaugurated in the latter part of 1923, or in less than two years, 105,716 people have purchased 553,589 shares, involving an expenditure of over $71,000,000. The average number of shares purchased for cash has been approximately 7.6 and the number on partial payments has been approximately 2.8.

This work of aiding small investors to become owners in the Bell System has confirmed a number of impressions. It has strikingly emphasized several things. It has brought out sharply the facts that there are vast numbers of people who have saved part of their earnings and who are willing to invest it; that they will invest it in good things if they can, but at any rate that they will invest it; and that, in the large, machinery has yet to be developed which can or can afford to reach the hundreds of thousands of small investors whose aggregate savings are large.

The small investor is grateful to those who aid him safely to invest his funds. Scarcely a day passes without some letter reaching the Bell System forces strikingly evidencing this fact. Numerous instances could be given. I shall cite only one. An army officer recently casually came in contact with a Bell System official. The discussion turned on investment and on the telephone business. He discovered that it was possible for him to buy American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock on an installment plan. He made an investment. He spoke of the matter to his superior, and a few days later sent in the check of his superior for the first partial payment on twelve shares, saying: "Your monthly installment plan is certainly a boon to us poor mortals with a settled salary and little ready cash. I believe also your distribution of stock is the greatest bulwark against Bolshevism we have."

[1] These figures were compiled about the middle of 1925.—The Editors.

THERE has also been further developed the fact that there are large numbers of people in the Nation who work and save money, but make no use of it whatever—not even depositing it in a bank, but hiding it away.

Several months ago a shabbily dressed man appeared at the headquarters office of the Securities Company and said that he understood that the company would arrange to secure stock for him. He was told that his understanding was correct. From his shabby clothing he began to pull out rolls of bills, and finally placed a surprisingly large amount of money on the desk with the request that it be invested. He said that he was afraid longer to keep it in the closet of his room for fear it would be stolen or destroyed.

Some time ago an employee of a Western Associated Company had to go into the mountains to look after a telephone line. He spent the night with a flume tender ten miles from anywhere. It developed that the flume tender got good wages, saved his money, but did not make it work for him. He had it hid. The telephone man asked him where he kept it. He said that that was his business. During the evening the conversationed turned on the telephone business, and the telephone employee said something about the stock of the American Company, its safety and its dividend rate. Nothing happened for several months, but one day the mountaineer came to the local office of the telephone company, placed an order for thirty-five shares of stock, and pulled the money out of his pockets. He happened to meet the telephone man who had spent the night with him, who said, "Perhaps you will now not object to telling me where you kept your money." The flume tender replied: "I kept it where I am going to put my stock certificate. I am going to put it in a box in the ground under my cabin. If I put it there, nobody can get it without getting me and it will be safe from forest fires." In due course this isolated flume tender received a letter from the president of the American Company extending him a welcome as a stockholder. It undoubtedly pleased him. Later he received a letter inclosing a proxy. He thought that the president of the company who had welcomed him as a stockholder should receive the proxy, so he walked ten miles down the mountains and ten miles back up the mountains in order to make sure that the president of his company got the proxy.

One day a laborer went to the commercial office of a local company in the West. He said a young woman had told him to see the manager of that office. The telephone employee said: "I am the manager. What can I do for you?" The reply was, "You can tell me all about American Telephone and Telegraph Company stock, and then some." He was given all the necessary information. He thanked the manager and went out. The manager imagined that he might be an applicant for two or three shares. The next morning when he reached his office the laborer was waiting. As before, he had on his faded flannel shirt and his trousers and shoes were covered with lime. He pulled out of his pockets $11,600 and said, "Put her in." The manager told him he would do his best for him, and said: "Perhaps you had better give me your telephone number." The workman replied, "I have no telephone number." "Well, then, what is your line of business?" the manager asked. "I have no line of business. I am a hod-carrier, and a mighty good one, see?" The stock was purchased for him and in due time a certificate was delivered to him.

INCIDENTALLY, it appears that these people who become owners in the Bell System develop a very keen interest in it and they inform themselves about the business and its problems. But they do more. They develop a very alert interest in the care of the property. These instances are illustrative. A new stockholder himself wrote: "If people own a share of stock in your company, they not only have an interest in the service and the personnel, but also in the upkeep and maintenance of their own office or residence equipment, giving it better attention than they would otherwise."

A blind man several years ago became a stockholder, having bought five shares. Soon after he appeared at a local office and asked for the manager, saying: "I am now an owner of this company. I have found out that my neighbor has been trying to get telephone service for over three months. As an owner, I would like to know why you have not furnished him service." The manager explained that there were no telephone facilities in the neighborhood and that to give his neighbor service then would necessitate an expenditure of $400 or $500. The new owner was convinced that the company was right. He emphatically said: "As one of your owners, I would not sanction your giving service at such a cost. I will go back and explain to the customer that he should wait until the new cable is installed."

An employee went into the office of a

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Vocations	American Company Stock Purchasers	American Company Stock Shares	Associated Companies Preferred Stocks Applicants	Associated Companies Preferred Stocks Shares
Accountants	1,078	3,651	2,627	13,873
Agents	530	3,111	879	6,715
Artists	148	694	159	965
Associations	75	628	38	398
Attorneys	604	4,887	964	11,924
Automobile trades	580	2,747	747	2,903
Bankers	828	8,612	1,249	21,627
Barbers	333	1,915	527	1,911
Building trades	1,571	9,664	1,043	8,836
Capitalists	181	6,129	24	712
Chemists	96	667	164	1,092
Clergymen	453	2,261	491	3,172
Clerks	11,730	29,833	10,774	44,060
Domestics	911	3,148	498	2,384
Draughtsmen	174	605	303	1,357
Dressmakers	342	1,404	1,003	4,152
Druggists	685	2,864	783	4,431
Engineers	1,235	7,316	1,205	8,916
Estates	109	1,485	60	761
Executives	2,463	15,984	4,347	42,178
Farmers	1,233	9,332	1,126	6,716
Government employees	1,459	6,902	1,589	7,691
Grocers	498	3,338	879	4,696
Hotel employees	607	4,123	668	2,605
Housewives	14,222	72,689	21,626	132,042
Insurance and real estate	1,055	8,156	1,413	13,263
Laborers	7,339	24,357	24,974	85,682
Librarians	60	203	73	344
Manufacturers	677	6,278	5,681	53,366
Merchants	3,843	28,992	691	4,154
Musicians	164	806	188	1,028
Newspaper men	604	2,992	398	2,275
Nurses	785	2,702	997	3,746
Oil men	139	1,432	96	926
Photographers	61	159	115	515
Physicians and dentists	1,896	15,566	2,706	25,430
Retired	2,814	29,431	2,362	25,576
Salesmen	2,738	11,686	4,283	28,560
Stenographers	2,353	6,700	4,101	18,594
Students	1,089	2,773	893	4,413
Tailors and milliners	238	1,062	468	2,145
Teachers	2,616	10,244	3,047	15,271
Undertakers	106	643	216	1,809
Welfare workers	50	207	14	37
Miscellaneous	17,743	94,960	12,310	110,424
Total	88,515	453,338	118,799	733,676

A partial census of the City of Tel & Tel

busy doctor. He noticed that the receiver of the telephone was bandaged with tape. He spoke to the doctor about the patient, and said that he would take steps to see that he got a new receiver. The doctor thanked him, but informed him that he had repaired the receiver for the reason that he was an owner of the business, was interested in the protection of the property, and thought that by doing as he had he was aiding in effecting economies.

Numerous other illuminating illustrations could be given, but these must suffice.

And so it is that the Bell System family of owners grows. To-day it is the most popularly owned enterprise in the world. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has a larger army of owners than any other company in the world. At present it has more than 358,000 stockholders. Included in this are over 60,000 Bell System employees; and, in addition, more than 155,000 employees are paying for nearly 600,000 shares of stock. There are also about 22,000 outside owners of the common stock of Associated Companies and more than 161,000 owners of preferred stock of such companies. It is estimated that approximately 215,000 people or institutions are financially interested in the Bell System through ownership of its bonds. Without excluding duplications, there is therefore an army of approximately 540,000 common and preferred stockholders of the Bell System, to which may be added the 215,000 owners of bonds. It is probably safe to say that 650,000 individuals, excluding duplications, own Bell Telephone securities—an army seven times as great as that of Meade's at Gettysburg. This number of owners exceeds the population of any city in America except seven. It exceeds the population of Pittsburgh, San Francisco, or Buffalo, and is only a little less than that of Boston.

Who are these owners? Who are these capitalists? It is obvious that, as a rule, they are people of small means. Of the owners of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company, the average holding is about 26 shares. About 128,000 own five shares or less. Nearly 342,000 hold less than one hundred shares each. No individual or institution owns as much as 1 per cent and the twenty largest holders own less than 5 per cent.

These owners represent a literal cross-section of American society. They include bankers, lawyers, engineers, manufacturers, and merchants, but they also include laborers of every class, teachers, housewives, and farmers. There is scarcely an occupation which is not represented. There is given on this page a classified list of 118,799 people who applied for shares of preferred stock of three of the Associated Companies, and also of 88,515 of those for whom has been arranged the purchase of shares of the American Company in the market.

So far as can be seen, there is no limit in America to this development of popular ownership. Corporate business will grow. The number of corporations will increase. The policy of inviting general ownership will doubtless persist. The only limit would appear to be that placed by the willingness of the laborers of every class to work, to exercise will power, to save, and to invest prudently. With popular ownership will come a fuller realization of the fact that this is the road to economic independence and to the ownership of one's self, and that social progress cannot come through the destruction of capitalism, but rather through the conversion of workers also

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into capitalists. In this country there is no barrier to such a process. In fact, America means opportunity for every man to work, to receive the fruits of his labor, and to make part of his earnings work for him. This is the real solution of the relation of labor and capital. This is the road traveled by most of those who have arrived. Nearly every man one meets of high position or great means has come to that position and to the possession of his means with no other start than that furnished by the requisite personal qualities, including character, industry, will power, and foresight. This is the bond, as Lincoln intimated, which should unite all the peoples of the Nation. And when it is established it will lead to the recognition of the sacredness of property and of the need of protecting it instead of warring upon it and its owners, as Lincoln suggested when he said: "Property is the fruit of labor; property is desirable; is a positive good in the world. That some should be rich shows that others may become rich, and hence is just encouragement to industry and enterprise. Let not him who is houseless pull down the house of another, but let him work diligently and build one for himself, thus by example assuring that his own shall be safe from violence when built."

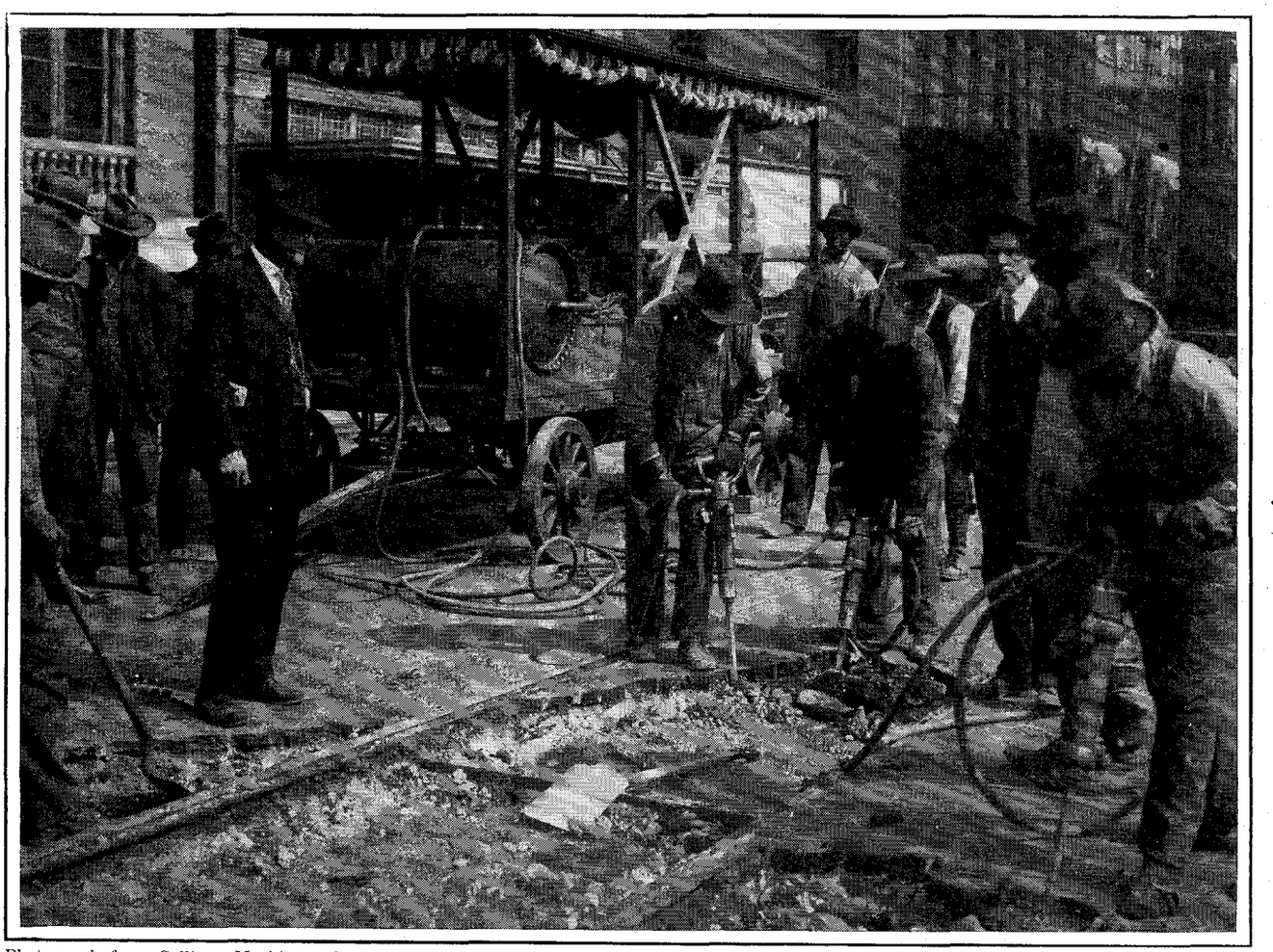
Doing It With Air

By CHARLES FITZHUGH TALMAN

SINCE money talks and time is money, the eloquent mode of appeal to the prospective buyer of tools and machinery is doubtless that illustrated in the title of an advertising brochure that now lies under my hand—"You Can Do It Quicker With Air." The contents of this document disclose striking economies of hours and, inferentially, of wages. The claims it sets forth are unimpeachable, but they are far indeed from stating the whole case for compressed air.

When Ctesibius of old applied his pneumatic inventions to performing fake miracles in the temples of Alexandria, he was probably not much concerned about speed of operation, and when modern engineers pump air into their caissons to hold back the water they are merely doing in that way what could be done in no other. Compressed air works no faster than electricity in drilling and cutting coal, but, unlike electricity, it makes no sparks to set mine gases aflame. It offers the further advantage of supplying good breathing material for miners' lungs. Air compressed in an automobile tire is a shock-absorber for which satisfactory substitutes have been sought in vain. In short, there are many cogent reasons besides time-saving for "doing it with air."

I asked the publicity manager of a



Photograph from Sullivan Machinery Co.

To-Day's Method of Demolishing a Concrete Pavement

A few compressed-air pavement breakers (alias "busters") connected with a portable air-compressor replace a multitude of hand-operated picks, sledges, and chisels

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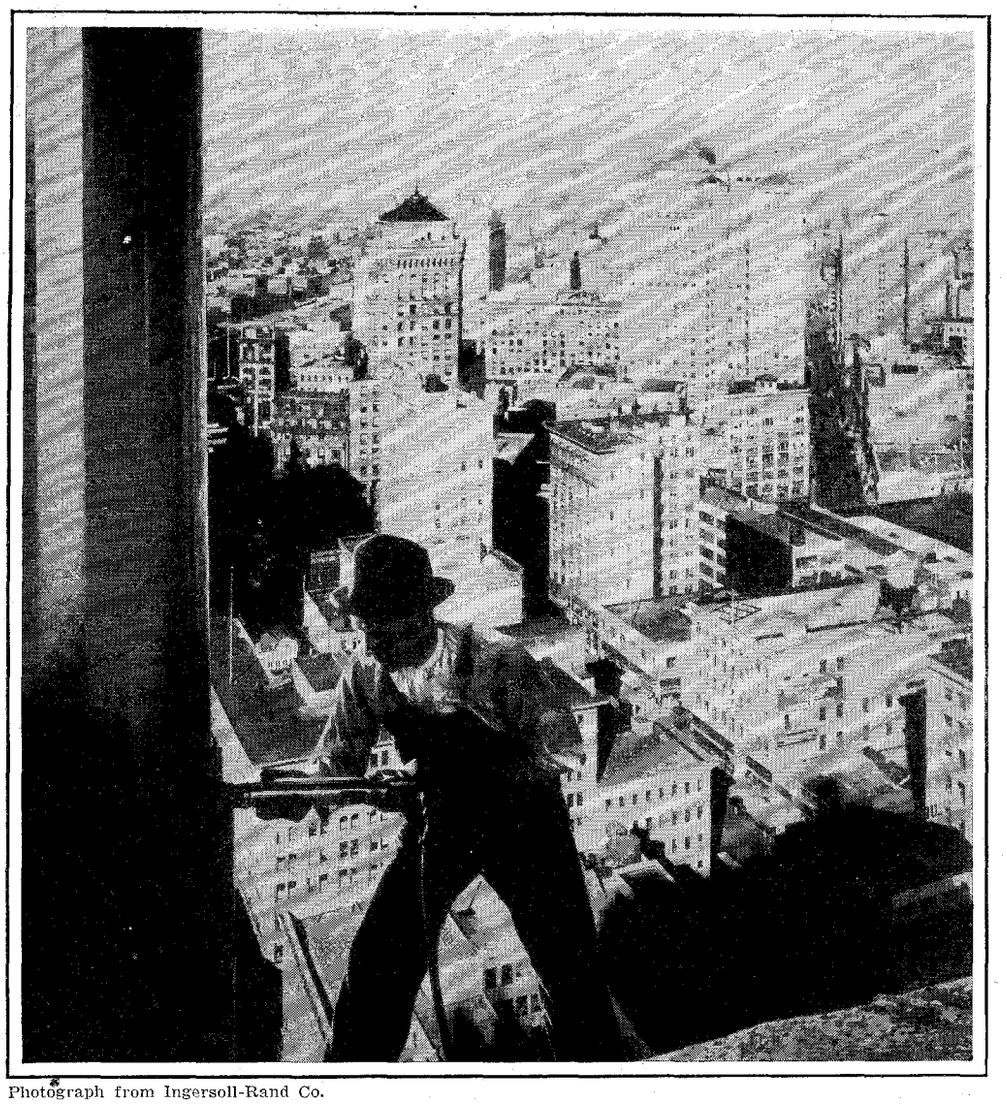
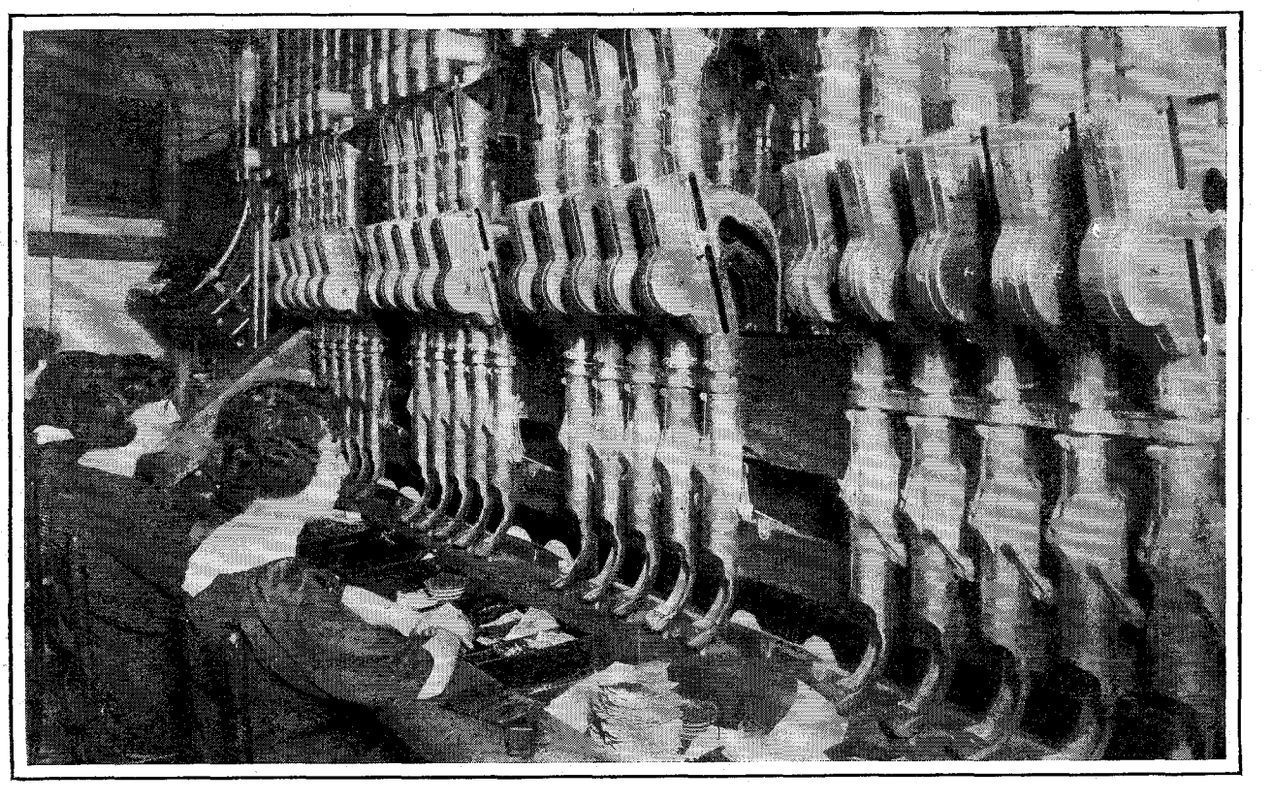


Photograph from Ingersoll-Rand Co.

The Tool that Rivets Attention

Riveting the steel frame of a sky-scraper—and incidentally the unwilling *attention* of everybody within earshot—is accomplished by means of the portable pneumatic riveting *hammer*, capable of delivering more than 2,000 blows a minute. This mechanical super-woodpecker and its partner, the pneumatic drill, are the "sine quibus non" of rapid steel-frame construction. The genus of pneumatic hammers includes several important species besides the riveter. On the other hand, some pneumatic riveters, used in shops, are not hammers, as they work by pressure instead of percussion



Photograph from Standard Conveyor Co.

The Pneumatic Tube as a Cash-Carrier

Denis Papin's fertile idea of the pneumatic tube has materialized more extensively in Europe than with us in the shape of long underground tubes for the transmission of mail. In America the chief mission of this invention has been to do away with slow and uncertain human messengers in the despatch of papers, money, and miscellaneous small articles between the different departments of stores, banks, telegraph offices, industrial plants, hotels, libraries, etc. Pneumatic tubes can be operated either by compression or by suction

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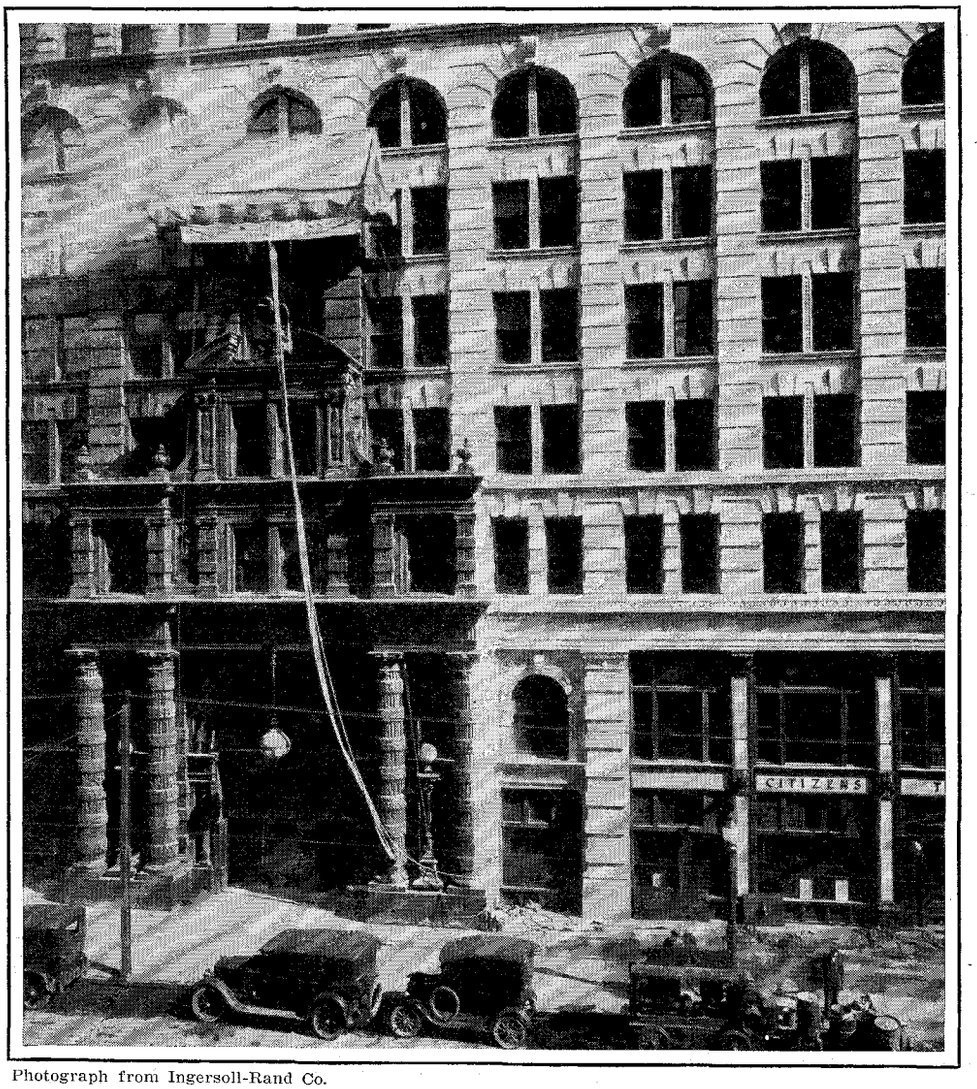
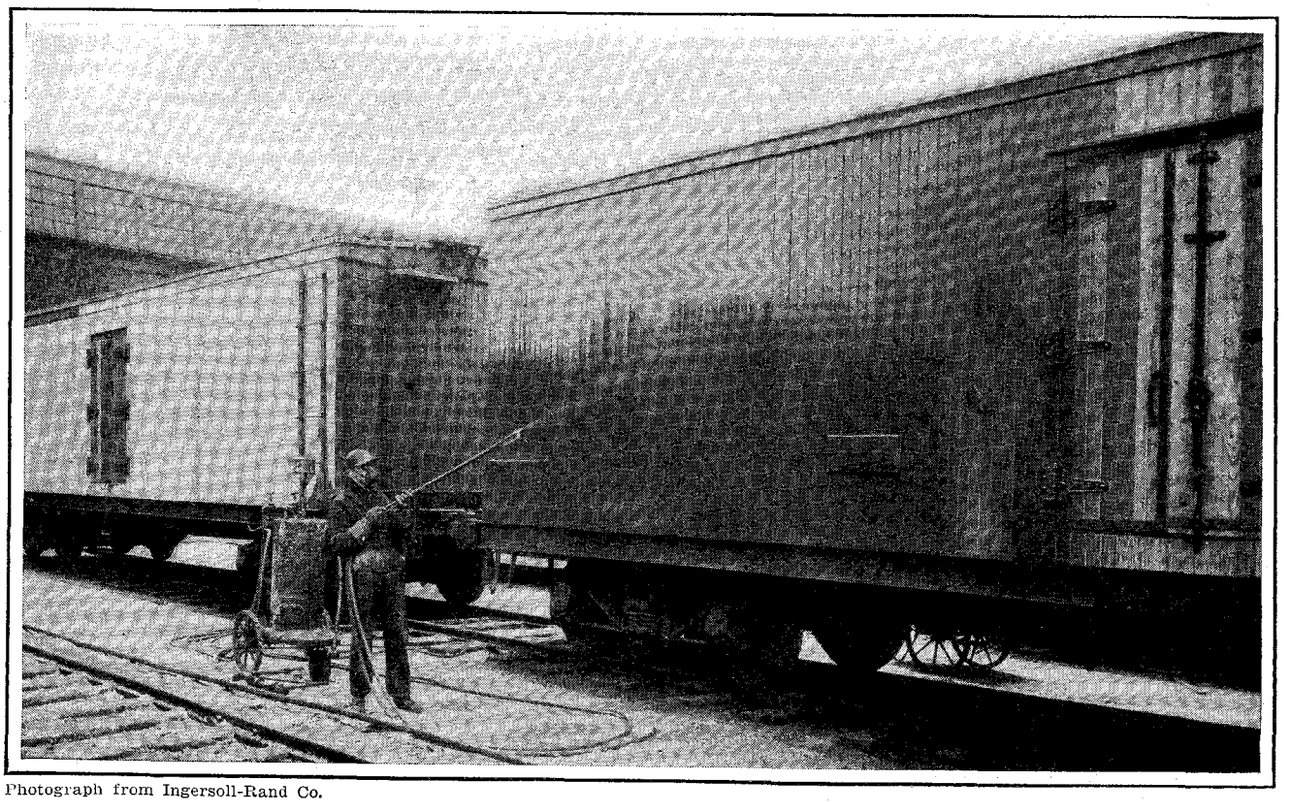
Cleaning the Exterior of a Building by Sand-Blast

This picture shows the cleaning of the Ellicott Square Building, in Buffalo, designed by Daniel Burnham, and is of particular interest because the removal of a thirty years' accumulation of grime revealed forgotten decorative details of the stonework. Note portable air-compressor in the street, connected by hose with the sand-blasting equipment. Sand-blasting is used for cleaning castings in foundries, for removing paint and rust from metal, for producing the rough surface of ground glass, and for various other purposes besides the one herewith illustrated



Photograph from Ingersoll-Rand Co.



Photograph from Ingersoll-Rand Co.

The Modern Way of Painting Railroad Cars

This picture illustrates one of the many tasks performed by the air brush, which works on the principle of an atomizer and is used for applying paint, varnish, lacquer, enamel, whitewash, and various metallic coatings. The material is deposited in a fog-like spray, producing an even layer, the thickness of which can be accurately regulated. Small cracks and crevices are penetrated by the force of the spray, and there are other advantages over the use of the ordinary hand brush, including an immense saving of time

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large concern that sends its pneumatic wares all over the earth to tell me something about the part played by compressed air in the contemporary business of living, and he responded with some of his own experiences as follows:

"I rise in the morning and run my bath, the water for which has been aerated by being shot in the sky by a geyser-like stream so that each of its minute particles is exposed to the purifying air and sunlight. The meat in the sausage on my breakfast-table has been forced into the skin by means of compressed air. I glance at my watch. The gold for its case, the steel for its works, and its ruby bearings have been won from the earth by means of compressed-air drills. I drop a letter in the box at the street corner. It is soon transported from the postal sub-station to the main station through compressed-air tubes. Automobiles are passing by on compressed-air cushions. Their frames have been riveted with compressed-air tools and their bodies painted and enameled by means of compressed-air sprays. I enter the subway and drop a nickel in the turnstile. Compressed air releases the lock, permitting me to pass through. The subway train comes thundering to the station at the rate of forty miles an hour and is stopped within its length by means of air-brakes. Compressed air throws numerous switches for my train as it proceeds downtown. I enter a large office building whose foundation has been excavated by means of compressed-air machinery, whose steel ribs have been joined together by compressed-air riveters, and the stone for whose exterior has been quarried by compressed-air drills." It would be easy to expand this story *ad lib.*

Until a few years ago the use of compressed-air appliances was narrowly limited by the immobility of compressor plants, since it is not economical to pipe compressed air over long distances. To-day a majority of such plants are on wheels. The portable air-compressor, with its light gasoline or electric motor, is one of the most notable contributions recently made to human welfare.

The American Press

Guttersniping

By Don C. Seitz

In which we learn the story of a journalistic orgy started by Lord Northcliffe and the charwomen of London and ended—who knows where and when?

HEADLINE journalism grew out of the war with Spain. It was invented by Foster Coates, then on the "Evening World," and improved upon by Arthur Brisbane in the "Evening Journal," who elevated it to a point where a tub at the bottom of his first page caught the dripping gore of a victim bleeding at the top. This form of journalism proving popular, it expanded to most newspapers, regulated by various degrees of taste or the lack of it. In defense, it might be said it brought large circulation among the rudimentary, who would, perhaps, in time learn to read below the headlines and have taken to better journals if they had been given the chance. The success of some few papers that preferred not to get rattled would seem to prove this, but, on the whole, most became much alike—that is to say, bad. To the reflecting it would appear that these were edited on a low enough intellectual scale to have satisfied the weakest of minds. This proved to be a mistaken notion.

Soon after the London "Daily Mail" had become a success Lord Northcliffe started a tabloid illustrated sheet called the "Daily Mirror." He had long cherished the idea, and, indeed, in editing the "World" for one evening (December 31, 1897) had accepted a suggestion made by Henry N. Cary, then a member of the staff, to employ a tabloid form for the experiment. The novelty sold well, but was not followed up, small-sized papers not being adapted to the prevailing style of advertising in New York.

London had an illustrated daily in the "Graphic," a solemn sheet of quarto size mainly devoted to the doings of the royal family and sold at a price above the popular purse. Northcliffe's "Mirror" cost a halfpenny. It soon began to circulate. Arthur C. Kenealy, son of the famous attorney for Arthur Orton, the Tichborne claimant, who, though English born, had been trained on the New York "World," became its editor. He was a placid soul, who did most of his editing with a shears.

THE charwomen liked the little paper, which began to have an all-day sale. Northcliffe told me its best edition was around nine o'clock in the morning, when the scrub ladies, having finished their toil, received their half-crowns, took an hour for refreshment, the items including tea, a crumpet, and the "Mirror." New York journalists who looked at the scraggy sheet sniffed at it with contempt, but it added much to the Northcliffe millions, and under Lord Rothmere (Harold Harmsworth) was capitalized into a great property.

Finally, in 1921, Arthur Clarke, a member of the "Evening World" staff, and George Von Utassey, a Hearst graduate, proposed to Joseph Medill Patterson and Robert R. McCormick, that a similar sheet be tried in New York. The pair consented to back it, but without much enthusiasm. To save investment, the plant of the "Evening Mail," unused at night, was hired, and publication began as a morning paper, under the name of the "Daily News." New York newspaper men generally doubted if there was a grade of New Yorkers enough below the "Evening Journal's" constituency in intelligence to give the paper a following. They were mistaken. It went slowly for a year. Clarke and Von Utassey were shaken out, and the tone of the sheet lowered until it became acceptable to a hitherto undiscovered mass. It then grew like Jonah's gourd, belying the saying that there is always room at the top. In newspaper circulation the room appears to be at the bottom.

As the "News" grew and invaded the Sunday field, the Publishers' Association of New York City undertook to curb its

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advance by compelling the American News Company to refuse its transport to dealers. The result was the final breaking of a most advantageous contract with the News Company, and the establishment of more or less expensive independent deliveries, such as the "News" had triumphantly inaugurated when compelled to go it alone. When the News Company came to check up, it found it was saving about $400,000 a year by giving up newspaper delivery. Instead of stopping the "News," its speed was accelerated until it now sells more than 1,100,000 copies on Sunday, and close to a million on week days.

That Joseph Medill Patterson, whose first appearance was that of a resolute radical, strong for the uplift of the lowly, and his cousin should have engaged in such journalism remains a mystery.

ALARMED by the "News's" success, Mr. Hearst tried to head it off with a pictorial tabloid inserted in his rejected "Morning American." It did not work. He then started a "Morning Mirror," competing further, and somewhat unsuccessfully, with himself. Into the field then came Bernarr Macfadden, who had made much circulation out of "Physical Culture" and flashy fiction magazines. He took the afternoon for his efforts, buying the "Evening Mail" plant from Mr. Munsey. For a time he ventured into the Sunday competition, but gave it up after a few issues. A five-cent Saturday edition, with rotogravure covers, is its specialty. All the week-day tabloids sell for two cents. Like the London "Mirror," the "News" sells all day, and the "Mirror" to a much less extent. It has about one-quarter of the "News's" circulation, even though Mr. Brisbane blows hard into its editorial page. Perhaps his breath has become heavier than air!

Posing girls form a large part of its stock in trade. It used to be the rule in the old "Police Gazette" office under Richard K. Fox when Tom Hyde drew beauties for the front page that no skirt should be lifted above the garter. The puzzle in the modern tabloid is to find the skirt. Naturally, the "Police Gazette" has lost much of its following. Perhaps its modesty was enhanced by the fact that for something like thirty years its presses printed the "Christian at Work." No such restraint exists in the office of the "News" or the "Graphic."

IT would seem difficult to sell tabloid circulation at a profit to the usual run of local advertisers. The small pages cramp display, and to the advertiser a page is a page. We find them filled, therefore, with the announcements of those merchants to whom the press of the past owed so much—the beauty doctors, lotion makers, and figure menders. The press has become most unjust to these worthy persons, with the era of advertising reform that followed the opening of advertising men's conventions with prayers. They and their patent-medicine colleagues were ruthlessly kicked out to make way for sealskin coats marked down from $350 to $75, and other moral mercantile announcements. In the tabloids they have found a friend, and are making the same excellent return that their ancestors did to the London "Morning Post" and its brothers from 1777 on, or to the religious press of the 'sixties and 'seventies. The standard newspapers have been ungrateful to the supporters of their forebears. Whether this sort of business can support the outlay involved remains to be seen. Outside of delivery cost and white paper, the tabloid is far cheaper to produce than a real newspaper, and it does not even require as much white paper as the standard sheet. These advantages are offset by the limitation on advertising space and the buying power of their constituencies.

THE "News" is the only unqualified success. Not a little of this is due to convenience of form, which makes the paper handy in crowded subways. Front and back pages are both "firsts" in make-up, and the inside pages are accessible in a crush. This counts for much beyond the character of the readers, who are largely of the light-minded class—shop-girls, petty clerks, laborers, and the like, together with many women curious to peek into the seamy side.

Mr. Hearst some time ago turned the ancient Boston "Advertiser" into a tabloid picture-book. The shades of Edward Everett Hale and his ancestors must have said anathema over it, for failure has been its lot. Boston turns up its nose at the tabloid, and prefers her familiar misshapen sheets with their strange typographical orgies and news from Squantum and Agawam, coupled with much baseball and a flood of second-hand automobile advertising.

The Scripps-Howard syndicate, with something like thirty papers, includes a number of tabloids. One in Washington appears to be a success, appealing powerfully to the colored population. Mr. C. H. K. Curtis has added a tabloid "Sun" to the sins of Philadelphia, taking the field of the once powerful and independent "North American." It has so far created no excitement. The Vare family of contractors has launched an evening "tab" in the same tepid town. It is reported to be growing. In Buffalo a college-bred scion of Fingy Connors edits another. It is one of the best in contents and make-up. Buffalo is pretty well newspapered and its field is small.

Out on the Pacific coast the youngest Cornelius Vanderbilt has begun a chain of tabloids, with the parent paper in Los Angeles, where it is doing well against the acres of wood pulp blackened each day by the Los Angeles "Times." Again one wonders why a man of presumable taste and undoubted means does not try to do something worth while. How his great-grandfather, the first Cornelius, of ferry, steamship, and railroad fame, would have snorted at this performance on the part of his descendant, though he might have approved of his industry without indorsing the enterprise!

THE journalistic problem involved in the new form and fashion is how long it will satisfy, and whether it will breed a desire for better things, as so much that is bad in the daily output has done, and so supply feeders for the higher-class papers, if any exist when the new appetite develops. The odds are against it. Mere visualizing is apt to remain rudimentary. It would be a bold man who could aver that the movies have afforded any lasting instruction. Like the tabloids, they are simply cheap time-killers.

There may be some who will argue that it is but a step from the tabloid to the radio, and in the universal use of the latter they see the doom of the press. Of this there is little fear. In the first place, there are but twenty-four hours in the day. The radio can carry but two hundred words to the minute at the utmost. The broadcasting stations have no means of collecting remuneration for their squeaks and screeches. They are backed now by the sellers of supplies, eked out with some advertising at $10 per minute. The "fan" does not have to listen to the business announcements, and seldom does. Dreary exploitations of wares that come through the atmosphere can be readily shut off until relief comes in jazz form.

The radio people expect to see saturation in about two years, and are wondering what will happen then. Most of the entertainment afforded now is wretched—worse than that of the silliest newspaper. It is a pity that radio cannot be organized intelligently, for it is a boon to the distant shut-ins of the farms and

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the waste places of the great Northland. The Edmonton, Alberta, "Journal" maintains a broadcasting station for the Hudson Bay posts beyond the Arctic Circle, along Hudson Bay, and for the whaling rendezvous at Point Barrow, formerly six months away from news of the rest of the world. This great benefaction cannot be too highly praised, but it is non-competitive with the paper.

With the limitations of time for listening in, the lack of support for news-gathering expenses, and the need of throwing in much music, it is hard to see how the radio can imperil journalism.

MEANWHILE the tabloid takes the place of ultra-sensationalism in type. It is a contest between weeds for the most room in the gutter. I do not say this in any special spirit of disgust. Enlightenment, however crude, is better than none at all. The great foreign population of the cities can learn from pictures what they would find it difficult to absorb from type. Much of it they would probably be as well off without knowing. The Japanese are credited with visualizing everything and being insensible to text and tone. We are fast approaching that state in America.

In this matter of visualized news the movies have impinged upon the newspaper. The celerity with which current events are transferred to the screen is a lesson to editors, if it is heeded. It is also notable that the movie audiences appreciate them. They are roundly applauded and are often strikingly good, affording far more satisfaction than the mangled bulletins that come over the radio.

Certainly there is no suffering from lack of publicity for the tragedies and comedies of life. The weakness is on the thoughtful and constructive side of things in general. There is so much amusement that it leaves little time for thinking or reading. Before prohibition the movie had emptied the "poor man's club"—otherwise the back room of the saloon. Then the entertainments were lower-priced and less elaborate. They were also more moral, showing novelties rather than stage inventions. Audiences enjoyed views of waterfalls, roaring surf, fast-moving trains, running horses, and the like. The sordid and shameful have come too largely in their stead, with results that are appalling. More than two-thirds of this year's crop of convicts at Sing Sing are first offenders. It is not saying too much to express the belief that the movie is the high school of the bandit, burglar, and hold-up man. For proof note the astounding number of young boys and girls involved in the commission of high crimes. These amateurs of the revolver and automobile, with its quick getaway, have had their lessons from the movies, well supplemented by the tabloids. The New York "Graphic," for example, exerted itself for days to save the bank messenger murderers (the Diamond brothers) from the chair. Its sobs were heartrending. They were amateur villains who killed in their first emprise. The movies make heroes out of murderers, and the tabloids proclaim their glories. What wonder that the crop continues to grow? The police have discovered the only remedy, and that is to kill them as fast as they can.

Old Stormy

By BILL ADAMS

Old Stormy was a fine old man,
To me way, O, Stormalong!
Old Stormy was a fine old man,
Way, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

Old Stormy he is dead and gone,
To me way, O, Stormalong!
Oh, poor old Stormy's dead and gone,
Way, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

WHEN first I saw Stormy it was blowing a gale. Within the lee door of the chart-room some one struck a match. It was Stormy lighting a cigar, and he saw me by the match flare.

"How d'ye like the sea, boy?" he asked.

"Pretty well, sir," I answered.

"I guess so," grunts Stormy. It is my first night at sea. It is coal black. I am wet to the bone. It is winter.

When dawn comes, we are running for shelter, every sail ripped to ribbons. The fo'c's'le is gutted. Not a man has a rag left save what he stands in. Bedding, sea-chests, and donkey breakfasts are all gone over the side. A donkey breakfast is a sailor's mattress.

How we hate Stormy! Not that he ever takes any notice of us. We might be ropes, deck buckets, things without souls. We are boys in our 'teens, learning the profession of the sea. It is him we blame for our rotten pork, our weevily hardtack, and all sea misery. "Old devil," we call him, and lots worse names. Doubtless he knows.

Next time Stormy speaks to me is in the tropics. I am fumblingly tucking my first eye splice. He comes from his chart-house and stares at me. I might be a swab or a paint-pot. But presently a quizzical grin o'erspreads his face, and he steps up and takes the marlinespike from my hand.

"If you're going to do a thing, *do it right,*" he says. Suddenly I, somehow, like old Stormy.

I see Stormy standing on his bridgehead. He is leaning against the wind. Lightning illumines him. Thunder rumbles. Little cakes of ice are clittering by. There are three thousand tons of cargo down below, and he is taking it to 'Frisco. We've been off the Horn for forty days. We damn his hungry ship, him, and the sea. He lives in the cabin, and eats bacon for breakfast, doughnuts made by Lady Stormy in the steward's pantry. There are sugar and milk in his coffee. His bed is dry. We have rotten pork and weevily hardtack, and our bunks are soaking. He does not even know that we are here!

It is a black night up in the Pacific. Stormy is on his bridgehead. There is a lantern in the mizzen rigging. We've just hoisted a lifeboat back to her chocks. Water drips from her, and the sea laps mournfully. Somewhere astern the big fish are nosing a drowned sailor whom we could not save. Stormy leans from his bridgehead.

"Is there anything more you want me to do, men?"

Some one says, "No, sir. There's nothing more to do."

We sail on, for 'Frisco. *Stormy's not so bad.* He's one of us. We are all of us the sea's.

We lie at anchor in 'Frisco Bay. Stormy and Lady Stormy are going ashore. They'll have fine food, and see the sights. They'll meet with other Stormys and their wives, and talk of ships and cargoes. But they'll say no word of us. We are ropes, buckets, gear

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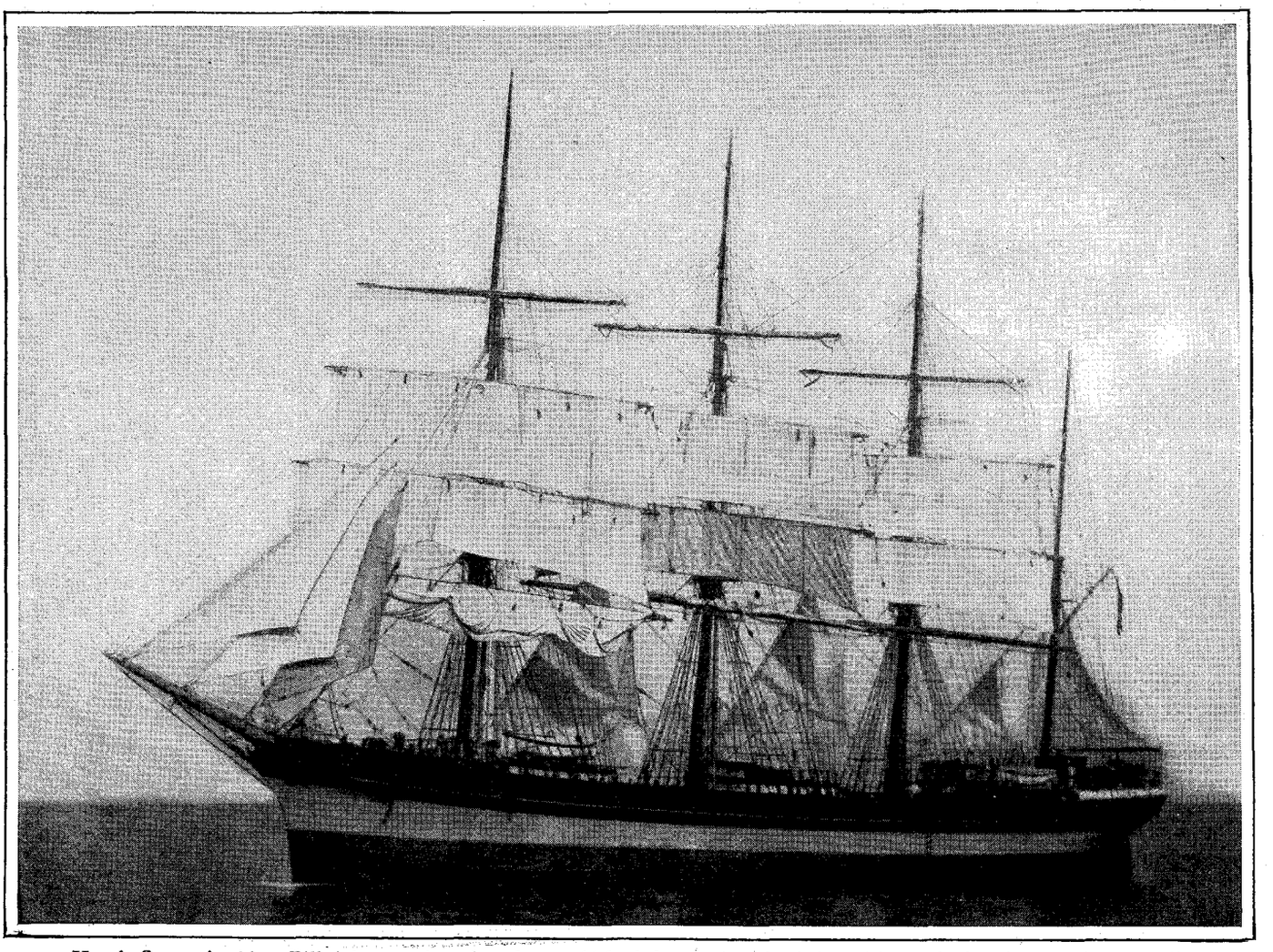

Here's Stormy's ship. Bill Adams writes that she would look better deep loaded, and he apologizes because her topsail buntlines need overhauling. Bill is also sorry that her royal yards were down when the picture was taken

of the deck. Lady Stormy is all dressed up, her hands hidden in a sealskin muff, sealskin at her neck and on her shoulders. We turn contemptuous eyes on Lady Stormy. "Old devils!" we say, and wonder how long the ship will lie at anchor, how long ere we too can step upon the shore.

Four such years I spent with Stormy.

It was a dozen years and more after the sea had broken me that I heard that Stormy was living within three hundred miles. *I'll go and see Stormy!* I can't help it. I am down in the valley where no cool winds blow, where dust chokes, and the sun is torrid.

They take me by the hand and call me by name. Stormy gives me a cigar. Lady Stormy goes for cakes and coffee. They give me their son's room. When Stormy hears that I am farming, he leans back in his chair and bellows like a sea lion.

I sit at Stormy's side in his big car, old Lady Stormy in the seat behind. "Show him what she'll do," says Lady Stormy, and Stormy, seventy-four years old, opens the throttle. We are making forty an hour—five above the speed limit. We are making forty-five, fifty, fifty-five—we who, when the old ship rambled through the southeast trades, with the little dark Magellan clouds above her, making her fifteen an hour, thought we were "booming"!

We are making sixty miles an hour on the concrete highway. Stormy turns to me,

"Scared, boy?" he asks, and I answer, "What'll she do, sir?"

"Seventy," says Stormy, and closes the throttle a little. "Better not go too fast. There ain't enough sea room."

The years pass by, with a little visit now and then to Stormy.

"So you're writing sea stories, eh? Well, what d'ye know about that! Don't you get writing anything about *me*, young feller!"

Lady Stormy is asleep, flowers heaped high about her. I'm by old Stormy's side. The room is full of friends, and to them turns old Stormy.

"One of my boys has come three hundred miles to be with me to-day."

And I'd have come a thousand gladly. There is salt not of our sea in Stormy's eyes.

A host of friends outside, we turn away together, he and I alone, and leave old Lady Stormy to her rest, my hand on Stormy's arm. *Stormy is leaning on me.*

The landsman's flowers are left behind. But on Lady Stormy's coffin lies a great white spray—*"From the boys of the old ship."*

I'm home again, and on the morrow comes a package to the kid. We open it, and find within the sealskin muff and stoles old Lady Stormy went ashore in thirty years ago. Good old Stormy!

In April Stormalong went east. We'd have another ride together when he came home in fall. But Stormy lay upon a couch one sunny afternoon, and fanned himself to sleep. He has not awakened. We'll not ride together, here, again. Maybe *some day.*

We'll dig his grave with a silver spade,
To me way, O, Stormalong!
We'll lower him down with a golden chain,
Way, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

O, Stormy's dead and gone to rest,
To me way, O, Stormalong!
Of all the sailors he was best,
Way, aye, aye, Mister Stormalong!

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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

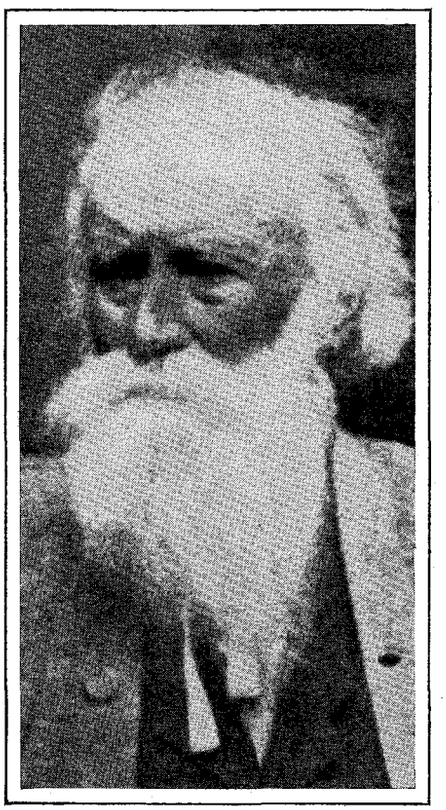
"Oom John"

A Review by DRAKE DE KAY

"MY primary interest is in things and not in men. . . . I love my fellow-men and like to serve them, but a human crowd attracts me far less than a crowd of trees, or a flock of birds, or a herd of sheep or cows." These quotations from a page of self-analysis are keys to the character of John Burroughs—revealing words, but scarcely hinting the wide sympathies, the sweet reasonableness of a man one might so easily imagine imbued with pantheistic fanaticism. Rarely does a biographer[1] have the advantages Dr. Clara Barrus enjoyed in over twenty years of friendly association with her subject, acting as amanuensis, typing many of his essays, relieving him of a large part of the mechanical drudgery incident to a literary career. It was understood that Dr. Barrus would write the biography, and Mr. Burroughs aided her in every way to secure essential data. How masterly has been her treatment! One cannot turn these leaves coldly, for they seem lambent with a fine devotion. They have the apostolic touch, though one sees reflected here a personality, not an idealization—one of the human breed, stubborn, easy-going, often unheroic in the conventional sense, and yet possessed of certain qualities that so far surpass the norm that no one could deny this was a remarkable man.

Dr. Barrus is an enthusiast. She has not—thank the Lord!—acquired the new style of biographical exposition in which the narrator seems more concerned over demonstrating his own superior wit and intelligence than the depicting of a personality. This author is a physician endowed with all the practitioner's healthy curiosity, as interested in the cause as in the condition, seeking first principles which to know and explain give meaning and unity to factors apparently unrelated. The honesty of intention is manifest—to tell the truth, paint the man as he was, "wart and all," yet not in the way of a clinical record. This is no callous appraisal.

The world will remember John Burroughs, not as poet or philosopher, certainly not as Treasury clerk and rural bank examiner, not as the devoted friend, defender, and first biographer of Walt Whitman, nor as Roosevelt's comrade. His place is among the very small band who have exalted nature by revealing secrets of field and forest apprehended by a delicate and finely tuned sensory system, untinged by the hyper-



John Burroughs

bolic romanticism of a Chateaubriand or a Hudson. Burroughs looked with sane, wholesome eyes at nature, achieving or at least approximating Arnold's famous desideratum. The man had no patience with sentimentalists and nature fakers. He exposed the mendacity of the latter quite as effectively as Roosevelt, though with less gusto.

Born on a Catskill farm in 1837, Burroughs was more nearly a self-made man than most of those who make the boast. He died in 1921 at the age of eighty-four, having lived through two great political epochs, the Civil War and the World War. Emerson, he once remarked, was the inspiration of his youth and Bergson the inspiration of his old age. Significant that two great idealists were his guides. Thoreau, with whom he is often compared, made little impression on him. Dr. Barrus devotes an illuminating chapter to a comparison of the two nature lovers. On the human side the difference could not have been more marked. Burroughs, frequently though he reiterates his preference of nature to man, was eminently a social animal. The hermit life had no charms for him, even though it would have spared him the society of a most unsympathetic better half. Though both men fell under the benignant spell of Emerson, their temperamental dissimilarity was obvious. Nothing like Thoreau's stoical contempt for humanity appears in Burroughs.

In a passage too long to quote in full Burroughs is his own interpreter and critic:

"As a writer, especially on literary themes, I suffer much from want of a certain manly or masculine quality—the quality of self-assertion—strength and firmness of outline. I am not easy and steady in my shoes. The common and vulgar form of the quality I speak of is 'cheek.' But in the master writer it is firmness, dignity, composure—a steady, unconscious assertion of his own personality. . . . I lack the firm moral fiber of such men as Emerson and Carlyle. I am more tender and sympathetic than either, perhaps because there is a plebeian streak in me not in them. This again helps me with Nature, but hinders with men."

The very lack of assertion he deplores contributed largely to the charm of his personality. In fact, he had a veritable genius for friendship, as his correspondence with the famous and the obscure attests. The authentic virtue of the man appears in his wise advice to friends and strangers, in the devoted championship of Whitman, a friend of thirty years' standing, in his tender love for his only child. Born and bred in the Calvinistic tenets of the old school Baptists, he early burst the spiritual shackles of dogmatic religion. Hearing of the death of Cardinal Manning, he wrote in his journal:

"A good man and worthy of remembrance. His last conscious hours of life were spent in imploring God to have mercy upon him. He was firmly possessed with the Christian idea that he was about to go from a place where God was not, to a place where God is and abides. And that there was great danger that his God would be displeased with him, and

[1] The Life and Letters of John Burroughs. By Clara Barrus. 2 vols. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston.

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would punish him. How curious, how curious! Poor man! Why could he not have died in peace?"

What pathos! What tender irony! The temptation is almost irresistible to quote further from this rich store, but space does not permit, and I can only express the hope that this brief appreciation will induce others to read a book that so thoroughly and so delightfully fulfills its purpose.

Fiction

THE GOLDEN SNAIL. By Victor MacClure. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. $2.

The Golden Snail is a restaurant which progresses at a pace never known to snails. The hero of the story, a quixotic young artist named Percival Pemblebury, lives and paints in a back street of Soho, "a street of ancient dignity and modern squalor." His adventures in starting the Golden Snail on its glorious upward career and subsequent encounters with various editors, pawnbrokers, restaurateurs, and actresses are humorously told. Some of Percival's amusing acquaintances include Laverdet, proprietor of the restaurant; MacIsaac, the "Scoto-Transjordanic" money-lender; and General Sir Blunto Blunderstone, veteran of the Indian frontier, who collects miniatures. Among other things this penniless artist rescues a lady in distress, and proves finally to be an equally good painter and lover.

THE REGION CLOUD. By Percy Lubbock. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.50.

A delicately phrased appreciation of shades of genius and art expression is here revealed through characters whose opposing temperaments give them contrasted outlooks upon life. There is a story element, and a situation of tensity which exists, morally speaking, but in the main one's interest is more intent upon what the author thinks and feels and how he reveals himself in literary form than in action or incident.

PAINTED FIRES. By Nellie L. McClung. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. $2.

There are elements of a large popularity in the plot and setting of this tale. And if there is crudity here and there in the telling, it is more than atoned for by our liking for the cheerful, capable, faithful Finnish maiden who comes to America to make her way, and suffers grievously through the selfishness and hypocrisy of others. This is one of the stories that calls for the "inartistic" but gratifying happy ending.

29 LOVE STORIES. By Twenty and Nine Authors. Edited by Ernest Rhys and C. A. Dawson-Scott. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

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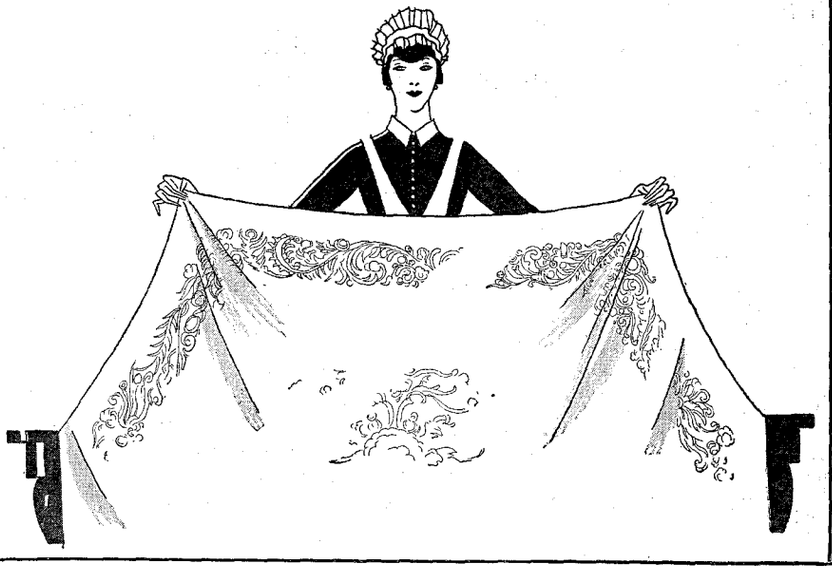
If you cannot visit the store in person, write for the January Specials Catalog No. 35. Many illustrations, concise descriptions and clearly marked prices make shopping from its pages easy. Mail orders receive prompt and careful attention.



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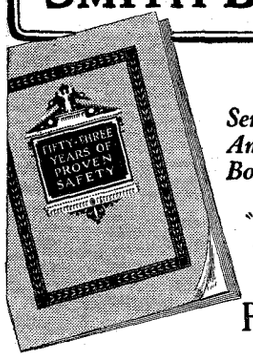

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from Biblical writers to Boccaccio, from O. Henry to Henry James, from Thomas Malory to Leonard Merrick. Taken one at a time they do not cloy, and as a whole they are reasonably furnished forth with brains as well as with sentiment.

DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY. By Fred Jacob. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Mr. Jacob is a Canadian critic, athlete, and writer of plays. We believe that this is his first story. It tells of Ontario small-town life with sympathy and discernment. Especially praiseworthy is the rendering of boy character as seen in two half-brothers who are involved in the sometimes tragic but often humorous affairs of their elders. A book of promise is this, and also one of satisfactory performance.

Essays and Criticism

HORACE AND HIS ART OF ENJOYMENT. By Elizabeth Hazelton Haight, Professor of Latin, Vassar College. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.

A book on Horace by a woman must *ipso facto* intrigue us—*i. e.*, us men, of course. But really, gentlemen, really, this is going too far! They have invaded our clubs and colleges, they have taken over our habits, they have driven us from every field that attracted them, but hitherto they have left us our Horace, the men's poet, as we deemed him. And now he too is reft from us. *Quis desiderio modus? Præcipe lugubris cantus, Melpomene!* O frabjous day!

As a matter of fact, Miss Haight's book stands out from among the flock of recent books on Horace (the rest by men) as a swan among crows. For one thing, Miss Haight does not, like some of those gentlemen, try to enlist the services of Horace in the grand work of American uplift; she is free of that nauseating cant. She frankly faces the difficulty of reconciling the attribution to Horace of wholesome character with the evidences furnished by his writings (especially the Epodes and certain Odes) of somewhat large concessions in personal conduct to Our Lady of Cyprus and to Bacchus Bassareus. She effects the reconciliation charmingly; she is not mim-mouthed, though not abating of the discretion and delicacy proper to a woman.

One may justly, however, have a point of quarrel with Miss Haight. Not that she is anywise lacking in appreciation of the Horatian humor, but that she does not sufficiently stress the importance of Horace's sense and faculty of humor to his capacity of enjoyment and his gift of stimulating a like enjoyment in others. Moreover, she might have laid more stress on the Horatian melancholy,

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which has given us some of the most poignant passages in literature; and she might have shown how this predisposition to melancholy was triumphantly offset by the incomparable Horatian sense of humor and by the gradually developed Horatian philosophy or art of true enjoyment, *ars fruendi*. But, despite such exclusions, despite an occasional smell of the lamp, and despite a disastrous lapse here and there into "fine writing," Miss Haight has given us a charming book. There are no longer for women any "Africas and untraveled parts of speculation."

Travel and Description

FOUR YEARS IN THE WHITE NORTH. By Donald B. MacMillan. The Medici Society, Boston. $4.

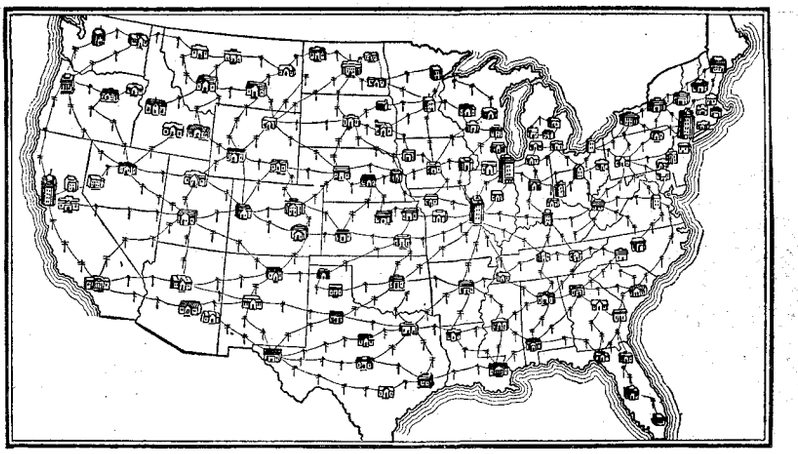
A new and revised edition of a book which some (including General Greely) consider the best of all Arctic books. As you please about that; none will deny that it is a thrilling, breezy narrative worthy of its author, one of the outstanding personalities of our day. Splendidly illustrated.

GLORIES OF THE SOUTH CAROLINA COAST. By James Henry Rice, Jr. The R. L. Bryan Company, Columbia, S. C. $2.

For those who are not wrapped up, financially or sentimentally, in Florida this book will be an eye-opener. It has geographical, commercial, faunal, botanical, and, not least of all, literary merit and gives one who turns its pages a new realization of the wonderful variety of the climate and natural life of the United States. In a letter to The Outlook the author says: "This summer I saw *acres* of Venus's fly-traps *(Dionœa muscipula)* and watched them snap up insects. Truly it is, as Linnæus called it, *miraculum naturæ*." But, in spite of his botanical Latin, Mr. Rice is not a highbrow—just a cultivated and well-read lover of a fascinating region of his country "long unknown, unhonored, and neglected."

CITIES OF MANY MEN. By H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $5.

The sub-title sufficiently describes this book as "a wanderer's memories of London, Paris, New York, and Chicago during half a century." Surprisingly one discovers, at the end of the discursive record, that the wanderer is now but a bare sixty. He might be ninety from the manner and spirit of it. The style is incredibly old-style and florid: "Ah, what an enchanting sight was that fair avenue in the days when lovely women drove prancing horses to phaëtons as low and rakish as pirate craft, or reclined against the cushions of victorias as graceful as the chariot from which Aurora,



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frail and beautiful as they, poured dew upon the earth to gladden the flowers!" The spirit is doggedly and complacently Victorian; these chapters of minute reminiscence concerning places and persons of yesterday, here and abroad, are dotted with laments for Victorian seemliness, Victorian elegance, Victorian propriety "with all its cant and smugness," for a generation which exalted modesty in women and chivalry in men. The advent of the automobile, believes this ancient (who is not so old), marked the disappearance of elegance, while the jazz band has been "the undoing of refinement." His final paragraph is the plaint, one might have said, of a very old man mourning the world of his youth: "Many things have gone from it, I fear; but those that I miss most are the respect of youth for age, home ties, and the gentility that in other days was born of faith and tradition." Nowhere is there a trace of sympathy for new impulses, or of toleration for inevitable changes of taste. *"Tempora mutantur"* seems to be the one trite saw our wandering author finds no use for—which, at least, he would never quote entire.

A chatty, florid, somewhat amusing, somewhat absurd chronicle of little yesterdays.

IN MOROCCO. By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $3.

"In Morocco" describes as no mere guidebook ever could, a journey through the principal cities of that part of Africa which is so wisely governed by the French. Starting from Tangier, the travelers motor to Rabat with its immense Arab cemetery, and cross the river to Salé, former lair of the Barbary pirates. Thence southwards to the white holy city of Moulay Idriss, where they witness a strange rite. The Feast of the Hamadchas is an ancient ceremony, in which these religious fanatics dance and indulge in a mad orgy of self-mutilation. But perhaps most of all the ruined city of Meknez catches at the imagination. The Sultan Moulay Ismaël built it in an attempt to outrival Versailles, and the work was done at the urge of the lash by fifty-five thousand captives, many of them Christians, who found its walls their tomb. Meknez contained fifty palaces, marvelous gardens, and a stable three miles long, housing twelve hundred horses. Many-walled Fez is visited, and Sefrou with its Jewish quarter, where the sunlight never enters and the inhabitants are still locked in every night. Several other cities, including Marakech, are on the route, and with the eye of the colorist Mrs. Wharton has painted their beauty. It is beauty hand in hand with dirt and dilapidation. An interesting chapter in the book is "Harems and Ceremonies," in which the reader is fascinated by the refreshments offered to the fortunate guests at the Sultan's harem. "Black slaves passed glasses of steaming mint tea, trays of gazelles' horns and sugar plums." The book ends with short sketches about the history and architecture of these Oriental people who have risen to such heights of power in the past.

Notes on New Books

THE GOOD DEEDS OF BONZO. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $1.50.

Comic pictures of a dog as well known to English magazine readers as Mutt and Jeff are known in this country.

GAMBRINUS, AND OTHER STORIES. By Alexandre Kuprin. The Adelphi Company, New York.

Translated from the Russian by Bernard Guilbert Guerney.

CARDINAL IDEAS OF ISAIAH. By Charles E. Jefferson. The Macmillan Company, New York. $1.75.

Studies of the Hebrew prophet.

THE WOMEN OF THE BIBLE. By Isabella Reid Buchanan. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $1.25.

By the director of Bible study in a women's study club.

Contributors' Gallery

DRAKE DE KAY, the author of occasional unsigned reviews in the Book Table, contributes to this week's number the review of the life of John Burroughs. Mr. de Kay, a graduate of Harvard, 1916, was a lieutenant of infantry in the war, and saw more than a year of service in France. He is now on the stage in New York. He bears a distinguished name, being the son of Charles de Kay, the author, and founder of the Authors Club; and a great-grandson of Joseph Rodman Drake.

DON C. SEITZ, well-known writer and for twenty-five years associated with the New York "World" as business manager, is now a member of The Outlook's Board of Directors and of its editorial staff.

HERBERT REED writes authoritatively and well on all amateur sports, including golf, tennis, rowing, football, and polo, and for a time covered these subjects for the New York "Evening Post," writing under the name of "Right Wing." Herbert Reed has watched football for twenty-five years and numbers many coaches among his acquaintances. He took a hand in coaching football during his service at Camp Lee during the war.

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EARN $110 to $250 monthly, expenses paid, as railway traffic inspector. We secure position for you after completion of 3 months' home study course or money refunded. Excellent opportunities. Write for free booklet CM-27. Standard Business Training Institution, Buffalo, N. Y.

GOOD opening with large New York City social welfare organization for well-qualified financial secretary, some public speaking included. Written applications only. Give full details, education, special training, experience, references. Address W. E. A., 6,625, Outlook.

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LECTURERS: Clergy who can speak on current events and who would be interested in several engagements each month in the churches of their State. Good payment. State qualifications in first letter. 6,573, Outlook.

SALESMEN wanted. $10 daily easy. We start you in auto accessory business. No investment, no experience necessary. Exclusive territory. Motor Products Co., 1760 Lund Ave., Chicago.

WANTED—Thoroughly competent stenographer-typist; must have cultural background, good education, sympathy with foreigners, initiative, imagination, understand filing. Protestant. Write, stating experience and salary expected. (New York.) 6,637, Outlook.

SITUATIONS WANTED

BY refined woman, social or business secretary, or accountant. Years of experience. Best references. Expert knowledge of auction bridge. L. B. Pritchard, 184 Park Ave., Rochester, N. Y.

CAPABLE young woman, speaking French, German, and English, wishes position as companion, governess, or housekeeper. Experienced traveler. Best references. 6,619, Outlook.

CULTURED, educated, and refined young woman desires position as teacher, tutor, or governess of widower's children. Thoroughly capable of managing household and servants. Excellent references. 6,629, Outlook.

LADY, middle aged, wishes position as companion. Eight years' experience, five in traveling. Can read indefinitely. 6,627, Outlook.

NURSE — Competent, trustworthy, finest references, desires engagement with invalid. Can go country or travel. 6,621, Outlook.

REFINED American woman, educated, capable, as managing housekeeper, housemother, hostess, companion to a lady. 6,630, Outlook.

TRUDEAU nurse desires tuberculosis patients. Would go South. 6,614, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as caretaker at shore or country estate, or institution; family man with experience in charge of country club and grounds. 6,628, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as companion or private teacher, country home, western New York. References. 6,633, Outlook.

WANTED—Position as teacher or companion, with family going to England. Private case experience. References. 6,634, Outlook.

WIDOW, college graduate, desires position as teacher or traveling companion to one or two persons going abroad. Speaks English and Spanish. Has traveled abroad. 6,624, Outlook.

MISCELLANEOUS

TO young women desiring training in the care of obstetrical patients a six months' nurses' aid course is offered by the Lying-In Hospital, 307 Second Ave., New York. Aids are provided with maintenance and given a monthly allowance of $10. For further particulars address Directress of Nurses.

CLUB women. Do you need help with your club papers? Bibliographies prepared, references looked up, papers corrected and typewritten by college graduate experienced in research work. 6,626, Outlook.

By the Way

FRITZ KREISLER, the famous violinist, spent his vacation last year in the Maine woods. He went there for a rest, and consequently did not overexert himself physically. His guide could not understand the virtuoso's conception of rest, and complained: "He no fish; he no hunt; he pay me $4.50 a day, and all I got to do is sit around and listen to him play damn fiddle."

A German actress has just received much publicity for owning the only poodle dog with a full set of gold teeth.

The "New Republic" has listed the ten biggest newspaper stories of 1925 from the editors' standpoint. They are: Evolution trial at Dayton, Tennessee; the Shenandoah disaster; Floyd Collins entombed at Cave City; Gunnar Kasson's race to Nome; the coal strike; the Caillaux mission; the Rhinelander case; Gerald Chapman; Amundsen's attempted dash to the pole; and Colonel Mitchell's attack on the Army.

A *bon mot* from Richard Watts's review of Tony Sarg's Marionettes. He wrote, "They are very entertaining, but they lack sex appeal."

With all the popularity that radio has received in this country and in Great Britain, South Africa and Australia won't have it. Broadcasting has been attempted in those countries, but given up for lack of public interest.

Some of Frank J. Wilstach's collection of last year's best similes:

Helpless as a cross-word puzzle fiend without a pencil.

Unimportant as a new scratch on a four-year-old car.

A secret is about as safe with Ada as a police dog tethered with dental floss.

Mean as the barber who put hair-restorer in his shaving cream.

A few comments on the news of the week which haven't reached the general press: Evelyn Nesbit Thaw sold the story of her life to one of the Hearst papers in New York for $1,000, with the understanding that it was not to be printed until after her death. Two attempts at suicide have brought the story out of the Hearst syndicate archives, only to be put back when the drugs failed to bring death to Harry Thaw's ex-wife. . . . A Baltimore woman, accused of stealing a quart of whisky, was dismissed by Magistrate Johannsen, who ruled that inasmuch as whisky does not exist legally it is no crime to steal it. . . . Michael Arlen is reported to have made $180,000 during the past year. . . . Paul Whiteman, of orchestra fame, has rejected an offer from the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation of over one million dollars for three years of forty weeks each. He claims that he will make more than that from his concert tour. . . . When Ellin Mackay disobeyed her wealthy father and married a Jewish immigrant, she did not cut herself off from riches, for that immigrant happened to be Irving Berlin, who, thanks to his popular songs, now has a yearly income of $300,000.

The canny Scot was not quite sure whether business might keep him away from his evening meal. "Jeannie, my girl," said he to his wife ere he left home in the morning, "if I'm no able to be hame I'll ring ye at six precisely. Dinna tak the receiver off, and then I'll no ha'e to put in my tuppence."

Figures just released by the Maryland State Racing Commission reveal that a grand total of $54,315,272 was bet at the race-tracks during the seventy-two days of the season. The State gets fifteen per cent as its share. Some of those who win large sums at the track lose them very quickly. This is evidenced by the recent serious illness of "Nick" Forsly and the disclosure of his penniless condition. He had won $800,000 in one season at the New Orleans track.

From the Boston "Transcript:"

"They say she is a very brilliant conversationalist."

"Yes; you should hear her play bridge."

Realtors in Florida have stimulated sales in certain boom areas by inserting large advertisements in the papers offering to buy land in those sections. This offers an incentive for new land buyers who visualize immediate turnovers at a profit. It has worked so well that some of the Long Island and New Jersey realty development people have adopted the same practice.

The answer to this puzzle is a word of two syllables. Do you know it?

The *first*, though ill-bred is well liked and cherished by many.

The *second* is firmly and naturally attached to the first by many ties.

Nevertheless the *whole* suggests a process by which the two are frequently separated, more or less.

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